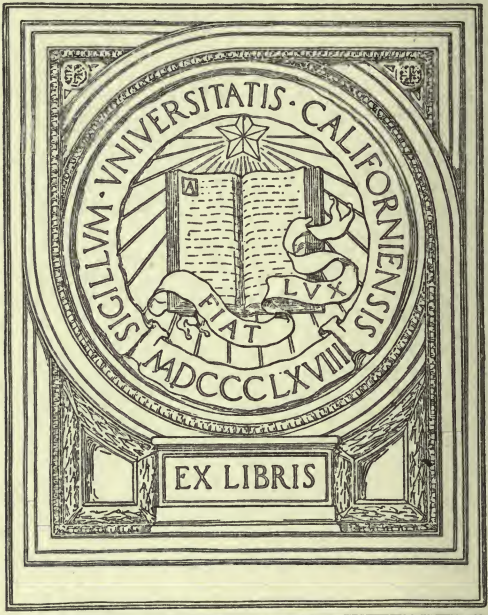
More Power To You

Bruce Barton

UC-NRLF
$B 285 561

GIFT OF
Estate of Florence Walne
Farquhar



ake
150

F.
Wake

MORE POWER TO YOU

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/morepowertoyou00bartrich

MORE POWER TO YOU

FIFTY EDITORIALS
FROM EVERY WEEK

BY
BRUCE BARTON

NEW YORK
THE CENTURY CO.
1922

Copyright, 1917, by
THE CENTURY CO.

Copyright, 1915, 1916, 1917, by
EVERY WEEK CORPORATION

Published September, 1917

Printed in U. S. A.

BJ1611
B2

To come down to the office in the morning and find letters from friends whom one has never seen, but who prove by their letters how very real is their friendship —

To have the privilege of visiting in the homes of hundreds of thousands such friends every week, and saying frankly whatever happens to be on one's mind, with no fear of being misunderstood —

This is almost more wealth than any one man ought to enjoy.

I am very grateful. I wish I could say it more convincingly — *so* convincingly that every one of the readers of "Every Week" might feel that to him, or to her, personally, I have dedicated this little book.

M549801

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	"No Room in the Inn"	3
II	The Fable of a Certain King Who Sought a New Pleasure . . .	6
III	Your Body May Live in a Cellar; but It's Your Own Fault if Your Mind Lives There	11
IV	Cut Down Your Necessities and You Will Be Able to Afford a Few Luxuries	16
V	Do You Bore Yourself?	20
VI	About Making Money	25
VII	Should We Be Sent to Jail for Eating the Wrong Food? . . .	29
VIII	Do You Live in a Home or Only in a House?	33
IX	Being a Real Producer	36
X	Perhaps You Don't Dream Enough	39
XI	A Lesson from Luigi	44
XII	I Would if He Were My Boy . .	48

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
XIII	Music Is not Merely Entertainment: It Is also Medicine . . .	52
XIV	A Few Kind Words for Business .	57
XV	Some Poor Blind Folk Have Never Seen a Miracle	62
XVI	I Reassure a Mother	66
XVII	If You Want to Know Whether Your Brain Is Flabby, Feel of Your Legs	70
XVIII	Do Babies Like You? That's a Pretty Good Test	74
XIX	Now Will You Stop That Sunday Work?	78
XX	Ask Any Successful Man . . .	82
XXI	If You Can Give Your Son Only One Gift, Let It Be Enthusiasm	86
XXII	Have You Ceased to Study? If so, Good Night	90
XXIII	A Man Asks, "What Is Your Favorite Book?"	94
XXIV	This Hoary-Headed Falsehood Has Lived Long Enough	99
XXV	In Appreciation of Mothers . . .	103
XXVI	The Lesson of a Failure	108

Contents

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXVII	When a Boy Knows More Than His Father	111
XXVIII	Building Materials for Castles in Spain Have not Advanced at All	116
XXIX	Too Many Men Still Believe in Perpetual Motion	121
XXX	Your Own Little Bed Is Your Best M. D.	126
XXXI	There Is a Great Deal of Encouragement in History for Most of Us	131
XXXII	You Should not Worry	135
XXXIII	Thoughts on Lying on My Back and Reading a Seed Catalogue	138
XXXIV	On Taking My Old Fishing-Pole out of Winter Storage	143
XXXV	It's a Good Old World if You Know How to Breathe	148
XXXVI	Wm. Hohenzollern, Lock Box 1, Berlin	153
XXXVII	Generally Speaking, a Job Is Good in Proportion to the Amount of Study Required to Master It	158
XXXVIII	The Times that Try Men's Souls	163
XXXIX	"Therewith to Be Content"	167

CHAPTER		PAGE
XL	"The Business . . . Is Undramatic"	171
XLI	Some Men Lose Five Minutes Early in Life and Never Find It Afterward	176
XLII	The Immortality of Influence	181
XLIII	Some Day Your Employer Will Want to Know Why You Do not Play More	186
XLIV	A Letter to a Young Man Who Wants a Better Job	190
XLV	If You Were to Write Your Own Epitaph, What Could You Honestly Say?	195
XLVI	If You Want to Know How Much You Ought to Get, Find Out How Much You Have to Give	199
XLVII	Does Your Respect for Folks Grow Greater or Less as You Go Along	204
XLVIII	Of Course There Is a Santa Claus	209
XLIX	"I Dread the End of the Year"	213
L	"If a Man Die, Shall He Live Again?"	217

MORE POWER TO YOU

MORE POWER TO YOU

I

"NO ROOM IN THE INN"

DID you ever stop to think of the tragedy of the little hotel at Bethlehem in Palestine — the "inn"?

The parents of Jesus of Nazareth knocked at its doors, and could not come in. It might have sheltered the greatest event in the history of the world — and it lost the chance.

Why? Why was Jesus of Nazareth born in a stable? Because the people at the inn were vicious or hostile? Not at all. But the inn was full — every room was occupied by people who had money to pay and so must be served — it was full of Business.

There was "no room in the inn."

I know men whose lives are like that inn.

"Arnold's heart is broken," said one man to another recently; "his son is a failure and a fool."

"What can you expect?" the other answered. "Arnold has not given his boy a minute's time for ten years."

Arnold thinks he is a good father: he has often told his friends that he is working night and day in Business for his wife and boy.

As a matter of fact, his Business is working him. There is no room in his life for anything else. And his son is a fool.

"You had quite a taste for literature when you left college, didn't you?" I asked another man.

"Oh, yes," he answered sadly; "but I had to give all that up. A man can't be in Business and find room for anything else."

"I hear Simpson's wife has left him," I heard a third man say; and his companion replied:

"She got tired spending her evenings alone, probably. You know, Simpson always says Business comes first."

In a little village church-yard in England there is this inscription:

Here lies Peter Bacon, born a man and died a grocer.

Take care that it be not written over you, "Born a man and died a Business man." Make good; but do not sacrifice, in making good, the gifts of life that are best.

Take care to have time for something besides Business — for your family, for good books, for an occasional hour when you merely walk under the stars and think.

For in Bethlehem, two thousand years ago, there stood a little inn. And behold, it was so full of Business that the greatest event in the world knocked at its doors and could not come in.

II

THE FABLE OF A CERTAIN KING WHO SOUGHT A NEW PLEASURE

NOW, in a great country there lived a certain King who ruled over vast possessions.

He had one daughter, a beautiful princess.

And behold, though the King possessed everything that money could buy,— houses and lands and cattle and servants and automobiles,— he was weary of life. For he said, There is no pleasure in it.

And he wrote a proclamation, and caused it to be published in his dominions, that whoever would invent a new pleasure for his amusement should receive the hand of his daughter in marriage.

Thereupon appeared a young man who bowed low and said: "O King, live for-

ever. I have invented a new pleasure; but to enjoy it you must do precisely as I say."

Whereupon the King's heart was very glad. He smiled upon the young man and promised.

The next morning the young man was early at the palace, and had the King out of bed before daybreak, and the princess and all the little princes.

Together they journeyed a long way by foot and street-car into the country. They saw a wonderful sight in the sky, and the young man explained to the King that it was called a sunrise. They passed brooks, and the princes took off their shoes and stockings and waded in them. They wandered through cool woods and picked flowers.

Finally, at about the middle of the day, the King said: "I have a strange feeling under my belt which I have never felt before."

And the young man answered and said: "That, your Majesty, is called hunger. You have never had it because you never

got enough fresh air into your system before to create it."

And the little princes, too, began to cry out that they also had queer feelings under their belts.

Whereupon the young man produced a large basket covered with a white cloth, and opened it. And behold, there were sandwiches, and fruits, and olives, and cold chicken, and coffee in a tin bucket, and cake, and divers other foods, all daintily packed.

And the King could not restrain his hand, but dove in and ate for half an hour or more; and then lay under the trees and looked up at the sky and smoked.

And the princes raced about the woods and played Indian, and no one watched over them or bade them nay; for there was nothing they could possibly harm.

And toward nightfall they journeyed back to the palace; and the little princes, who had always to be pampered and read to at night to get them to sleep, fell asleep on their beds with their clothes on.

And the King, having had a bath and a

rub-down, settled back on the royal piazza with a fifty-cent cigar in his mouth, and smiled for the first time in months, and called for the young man.

And the young man appeared and said: "Your Majesty, it was some day, was it not?" And the King admitted that it was.

"Thou hast made good," saith the King, "and my daughter, the beautiful princess, is inside at the piano. But, first, give me the bill for this wonderful new pleasure; for I will pay for it."

And the young man handed him a bill for one dollar and twenty-three cents.

Whereupon the King was exceeding wroth, and cried out: "Dost think I am a cheap skate? Is a pleasure that costs only one dollar and twenty-three fit for a king?"

And he called the Captain of the Guard and ordered that the young man should be shot at sunrise.

Moral: You and I had some bully times, when we were kids, on those old picnics with sandwiches that the ants

crawled over and coffee full of pine needles. But we would n't dare take our kids on a picnic — perish the thought! The neighbors would think we were cheap skates.

Pack up the dinner-coat, mother. We 're off to Atlantic City with the year's savings.

III

YOUR BODY MAY LIVE IN A CELLAR; BUT IT 'S YOUR OWN FAULT IF YOUR MIND LIVES THERE

THE other night my friend Ferrero and I spent a few years with Julius Cæsar in ancient Rome.

We went with him on his campaigns in Gaul. Those were wonderful battles — wonderful fighters.

From a hill-top we could watch the whole battle — thousands of men driving at each other with their swords, hurling their javelins at short range. No smoke, no trenches; just primitive, hand-to-hand conflict.

We came back to Rome. The city was in a turmoil. Our great chariots thundered through the streets in triumph; our captives, our spoils, our banners made a magnificent procession. The crowds cheered wildly.

Another evening my friend Green and I had a great time together in ancient Britain.

We went down to Runnymede with a group of English nobles. They were powerful men, each a petty king in his own section; but every one of them took his life in his hand on that expedition.

And there we gathered around King John, and forced him, against his will, to put his name to the Magna Charta, the Great Charter which is the foundation of English liberties — and our own.

I had a fine time with Napoleon a few nights before.

I met him when he landed in France, after the escape from Elba.

Up through the southern provinces he came, gathering a few troops there, winning over by the force of his eloquence the regiments sent to capture him.

We arrived in Paris. Hurriedly, but with supreme confidence that the Little Corporal could never fail, we got together a makeshift army and set out to strike the winning blow at Waterloo.

That battle — I shall never forget it.

Another day I went over to old Concord, and spent the whole afternoon with Emerson.

We talked about Representative Men.

Well, well, you say, what foolishness is this? What do you mean by saying you lived with Cæsar and Napoleon and Emerson — all centuries apart, all long since dead?

If you do not know what I mean, then I pity you.

Have you never come home tired from your office, and with a book transported your foolish little mind clear out of the present day?

Have you never learned the joy of surrendering yourself to the companionship of the great men of the past?

Have you never sat in the little London Club and heard Sam Johnson thunder his philosophy of life?

Have you never sailed up and down the American coast with Captain John Smith, dodging the Indians and opening up a new continent?

Are you one of the wretched, poverty-stricken souls who have never learned to escape from yourself through the blessed magic of good books?

Have you contented yourself all your life with the companionship of good pinochle-players, when you might have been a familiar friend of Socrates and Milton and Napoleon and Cromwell and Washington and Columbus and Shakespeare and Lincoln and Rousseau?

If so, cut out this paragraph from a great man and paste it in your hat:

I would rather be a beggar, and dwell in a garret, than a king who did not love books.

There are some marvelous experiences coming to you.

You can in the evenings to come jar yourself out of the petty rut where circumstance has placed you, and become a familiar of the immortals.

You may learn to face the world with a new confidence, a new poise, a new self-respect, because you have made yourself a citizen of the ages.

Do some real reading.

Do it for the joy it will give you: do it for the good it will do you.

"Show me a family of readers," said Napoleon, "and I will show you the people who rule the world."

IV

CUT DOWN YOUR NECESSITIES, AND YOU WILL BE ABLE TO AFFORD A FEW LUXURIES

MOST of us do not have incomes large enough to provide both the things we need and the things we want.

We are forced to choose between our necessities and our luxuries.

And, very foolishly, we choose to offer up the luxuries.

Thus our existence becomes dull and monotonous.

We can hardly be said really to live: our lives are lived for us — cut out and sewed together by the habits and customs of the class to which we belong.

I have established a very good rule, which I pass on to you: *Never do anything just because other people do it.*

Most of your friends live in city apart-

ments. They pay so much for the use of their rooms, and *twice as much* for the location and the fine marble hallway.

To live in an apartment like theirs is one of your "necessities."

If you cut out that necessity, and lived in the country or in an apartment where you had to stretch your legs up three flights of stairs, you would have some money to spend on luxuries.

So with many other things.

Every year, by cutting out a few foolish necessities, I buy myself one big, wise luxury.

Four years ago I bought an automobile.

Not much of an automobile. Many of my friends said they would rather not have any automobile than to have one like mine. But it *was* an automobile.

It has done some wonderful things for me.

For one thing, it has given me my little summer place up in the country.

A modest old white Colonial house, with a brook running behind it, and fruit trees all around — a place I had wanted for

years, but could not have — because it was two miles from the railroad.

But two miles is nothing, even to an automobile like mine.

So I can work in the city and play all summer in the country — thanks to my automobile.

It has done some other good things for me. It has improved the country roads between my little white house and town. Before the automobiles began to go by, the roads were very rough. But now all across the country-side mud puddles and deep ruts have vanished as if by magic. The automobile has made the town " dress up."

And it has made me " dress up " my place, also.

Have you ever noticed how many more flowers are planted around farm-houses than formerly were? Do you want to know why that is? I will tell you.

It used to make me mad because people who whirled by my place in limousines never stopped to look around. " I 'll make them turn their proud heads," I said. So I planted flowers and painted my house.

Now, on Sunday afternoons, I lie in the hammock on my porch and listen to people in the cars saying to each other: "What a pretty little place that is! I wonder who lives there?"

That 's why there are more flowers than there used to be — the automobile has done that.

With a tin pail full of coffee and a basket of sandwiches, I have had more fun exploring the wood roads around my place than Columbus ever had in discovering America.

My automobile has brought my office and my little white house side by side. It has given me a new pride in my place. It has improved the roads around me.

Yes, and it has made me a good neighbor to people whom I have wanted to call on for years, and never brought myself to it, because I hate long, hot rides on the street cars. It has made me a better citizen all around.

Gasoline is very high this year.

I shall have to cut out some other foolish necessity.

V

DO YOU BORE YOURSELF?

RIDING on a train the other day, I got to watching a man whose condition was really pathetic.

He had forgotten to bring a book or a magazine; there was no one in the car with whom he could talk. For one of the few times in his life, he was utterly alone in the world: and he was utterly miserable.

Cast on his own resources, he discovered that there were inside of him no reservoirs of thought or interest where his dusty soul might be refreshed.

He was thrown unexpectedly into his own company, and he bored himself terribly.

His was not an exceptional case: on the contrary, he was rather typical of the ordinary modern man.

In olden days, when towns were more scattered, distances greater, and life less

complex, men were accustomed to be alone for hours and even days, and could stand it.

The modern man must be talking, or he must be reading, or he must be playing: anything lest by accident he be left alone for a little time and compelled to think.

"The world," as Wordsworth said, "is too much with us."

I would not have any man unsocial. He who withdraws himself from his fellow men lessens his service and impoverishes his life, no matter what work of art may come out of his solitude.

But it would do the world good if every man in it would compel himself occasionally to be absolutely alone.

Away from people, who blunt the edges of his personality: away from books and magazines, which give him his thinking pre-digested: away on a long walk, where he could face the world with a naked mind and compel himself to think some things through by himself.

Most of the world's progress has come out of periods of such loneliness.

Moses was a social being, a political leader, whose success was in his power to handle an unruly crowd.

But Moses' great contribution to the world — the Ten Commandments — came down from the mountain-top where he had climbed alone.

It was out of the silence that Samuel's call came; and Mohammed's; and Joan of Arc's.

To Lincoln, poor struggling lawyer, there once came an offer from a great railroad to become its general counsel at $10,000 a year.

He did not seek advice, though friends offered it freely. One day he appeared at his office an hour later than usual, and announced that he had made his decision.

He had risen early and walked out to the little grove on the edge of Springfield where most of his decisions were made, and there had wrestled the thing out alone.

John C. Calhoun once told a friend that he " had early subjected his mind to such

a rigid course of discipline, and had persisted without faltering until he had acquired a perfect control over it; that he could now confine it to any subject as long as he pleased without wandering even for a moment; that it was his habit, when he set out alone for a walk or a ride, to select a subject for reflection, and that he never suffered his attention to wander from it until he was satisfied with its examination."

"How do you wish to be shaved, sir?" Daniel Webster's barber once asked him.

To which the great man replied: "In silence, sir."

There is no great success without concentration: and no concentration in minds that have not been disciplined to long-continued, self-reliant thought.

Store your mind with thoughts worth while: be independent of the world of chatter — yes, even occasionally of the world of books. For in this lies the secret of a virile personality — and the key to contentment.

> The mind is its own place, and in itself
> Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

Wise men stock their heaven with good things, and carry it always with them.

VI

ABOUT MAKING MONEY

IT is easy to be hypocritical on the subject of money. We have formed a habit of pretending publicly to despise money, while actually working our heads off to get more of it.

We make speeches to young men advising them to "seek the higher good," and hurry straightway to our offices to make up for lost time.

Let us have done with such hypocrisy.

We are all out to make money; nor is there anything reprehensible in that fact.

Wise old Sam Johnson said: "There are few occupations in which men can be more harmlessly employed than in making money."

It is not "money" that is the "root of all evil," as we often misquote, but "*the love* of money."

How much of yourself are you willing to sell for money?

The answer to that question is none of my business. It is a personal question — a question for you to ask yourself.

But if you are the sort of person I think you are, your answer to it will be something like this:

There are some things I am not willing to sell for money.

I will not sell my health. Not for all the money in the world will I die twenty years before my time, as Harriman did; nor spend my old age drinking hot water, like John D. Rockefeller.

I will not sell my home. I will forget my business when I leave my office. My home shall be a place of rest and high thinking and peace — not a mere annex to my factory or office, where the talk is of nothing but gains and loss.

I will not sell my honor. I will not engage in any business, no matter what the profit, that does not contribute something to the happiness and progress of the world.

King Midas, in a fit of covetousness, prayed that everything he touched might turn to gold.

And his prayer was granted.

The food he was lifting to his mouth turned to gold: his wife, if he had touched her, would have turned to gold.

There are too many King Midases loose in the world.

They do not have the Midas touch: they have the Midas look.

They see nothing but money.

A beautiful garden to them is merely something that "must have cost a thousand dollars."

They look on their homes and they see, not a home, but an expense of so much a month.

They look on their wives, and figure how much less it cost them to live when they lived alone.

The universe, to them, is a balance-sheet: their minds are adding-machines: their hearts beat in tune with the ticker.

God pity them — the men with the Midas look!

Get money — but stop once in a while to figure what it is costing you to get it.

No man gets it without giving something in return.

The wise man gives his labor and ability.

The fool gives his life.

VII

SHOULD WE BE SENT TO JAIL FOR EATING THE WRONG FOOD?

IN Erewhon people were sent to jail for eating the wrong food.

Ever hear of Erewhon?

It is a mythical country which a man named Samuel Butler wrote about.

This is what I gathered [says Samuel Butler]. That in that country, if a man falls into ill health or catches any disorder, or fails bodily before he is seventy years old, he is tried before a jury of his countrymen, and if convicted is held up to public scorn and sentenced to jail. . . . But if a man forges a cheque, or sets a house on fire, or does any other such things as are criminal in our country, he is either taken to a hospital and most carefully tended at the public expense, or, if he is in good circumstances, he lets it be known to all his friends that he is suffering from a severe fit of immorality, just as we do when we are ill; and they come and visit him with great solici-

tude, and inquire with interest how it all came about, what symptoms first showed themselves, etc.— questions which he will answer with perfect unreserve.

Butler says he visited a court in Erewhon, and saw prisoners being sentenced for eating improperly and otherwise injuring their health. To one hardened criminal the judge said:

"Prisoner at the bar, you have been accused of the great crime of laboring under pulmonary consumption, and, after an impartial trial before a jury of your countrymen, you have been found guilty. . . . This is not your first offense: you have had a long career of crime. You were convicted of aggravated bronchitis last year; and I find that, although you are now only twenty-three years old, you have been imprisoned no less than fourteen times for illnesses of a more or less hateful character."

In Erewhon, you see, the man who lets his health go to pieces is counted a greater criminal than the man who burns down a barn or forges a check.

His health is a part of the State's as-

sets: by ruining it he defrauds the State, and makes himself liable to punishment.

There is something to be said in favor of the Erewhon custom.

We are too sympathetic with certain sorts of sick people. They are sick because of their own bad habits — usually because they eat too much or eat the wrong kind of food.

They are very careful that the oil they buy for their automobiles shall be of precisely the right grade, but they never stop to ask themselves, " Am I eating the food that is calculated to develop the maximum efficiency in my particular body at this particular season of the year? "

Instead of sending such people flowers, it would be better if we sent them to jail on a healthful diet of plain bread and water for a few weeks. They would come out *cured.*

The Romans were wiser, as old Dr. Thomas Moffett tells us:

> The Romans once banished Physickians out of Rome under pretense that physick drugs weak-

ened the people's stomacks; and cooks for corrupting and enforcing appetites with strange sawces and seasonings. Yet they retained Cato, chief dietiest of that time, and all of them that were able (without physick) to prevent and cure diseases.

If you would banish physickians and do without physick, be your own Cato.

Find out whether your food is building your system up or merely clogging it up.

Give a little attention to this subject if you would be really well — as much attention, for instance, as you give to discovering the proper oil for your automobile.

VIII

DO YOU LIVE IN A HOME OR ONLY IN A HOUSE?

PEOPLE use words loosely.

They speak of "owning a house" and "owning a home" as if both phrases meant the same.

As a matter of fact, many a man who pays rent all his life owns his own home; and many a family has successfully saved for a home only to find itself at last with nothing but a house.

I knew one such case.

To "own their own home" became a perfect obsession with the family — a false god to which everything else must be sacrificed.

To swell the sacred fund, the father wore clothes so shabby that his business progress was retarded. The children were under-nourished, and two of them died. Life lost every vestige of sweet-

ness in the driving struggle to scrimp and to pay.

At length ambition was realized: they stepped through the door of the house on which the last cent had been paid. They had bought their house: but in the process they had destroyed their home.

What is the ideal home?

I should say, first of all, it is a "cozy" place, a place not too large.

The Vatican has 15,000 rooms. The Pope could, if he would, sleep every night for forty years in a different room. The Winter Palace at Petrograd is so vast that, once when repairs were to be made on the roof, peasants were found living there in wooden shacks, their existence unsuspected by the glittering tenants underneath.

But these palaces are not homes.

The turtle does not construct a shell ten times larger than it needs; the bird does not spread her nest across a whole tree-top merely because materials happen to be at hand. Only man commits the foolish error of building a house too large to be a home.

The ideal home is a place of rest.

One can rest in a room simply furnished, but not in a department store or a museum. You would not fill your home with warring visitors: do not crowd it with pictures, bric-à-brac, and "souvenirs" that jar and clash.

And the home is a place of peace:

A place where the soul is "restored"; where a few pictures suggest the fragrance and healing of the out-of-doors; where good books lift the tired mind out of itself into the companionship of the wise and great of all ages; where love and sympathy conquer care.

The cave-man who first piled stones together into a rude hut did it to provide a shelter for his most precious possession, the sacred fire.

There is a sacred fire that burns in every real home; an altar to restfulness and forbearance and love. The man who can claim that altar, whether the shelter built about it be a mansion or only a single room, he it is who owns his own home.

IX

BEING A REAL PRODUCER

HAVE you ever in your whole life raised anything out of the ground? Have you with your own hands planted a seed, watered it, tended it up through infancy to full growth, and finally sat down at your table to eat of its fruit?

In these days of the infinite division of labor, when so many of us merely live off each other, there are millions of men and women who are born and die without ever once tasting that transforming experience.

However much of books and travel they may have known, such people die uneducated.

To them a sunset is merely a color in the west: a storm is an interference with the routine of their going about.

They have never looked into the sunset yearningly for promise of a warm day that will coax the buds upon their plants into

fuller life: they have never stood and watched the leaves fairly leap to be watered by the rain.

They have never once peeped back of the curtain of external things to see the miracle of God at work on His world.

Every man and woman who can have access to a little piece of land — no matter how small — ought to make a garden. Not for the sake of thrift alone, but for the development of his or her own character.

God was the first gardener: He started the human race in a garden.

From that day to this, whenever man has grown weary of the complexities of life, whenever his spirit has been distraught and sore, he has turned back to the land, and, with its soil on his fingers and its odor in his nostrils, has found healing and calm.

If you are the kind of man who thinks at all, you must have periods of depression when it dawns on you that your job is a very artificial thing, not at all essential to the world's existence.

"What 's the use?" you cry in such periods. "I am not needed. Abolish my store, or my factory, or my railroad, and the world would still go on. It would still be fed and clothed. I 'm not a producer of wealth: I merely help in the distribution of what somebody else creates. The farmer is the only real producer."

When that feeling comes over you, take a spade and go into your back yard and dig and plant something. Harvest time will come, and you can stand with your throat bared and shout defiance to the universe.

"Behold," you may cry, "I am no longer a burden on any man; for I have delved in the earth and raised my own food. The world is richer this year by five bushels of potatoes and ten pecks of peas than it would have been had I not lived. I can look every man in the eye without shame. I have proved that I am independent of circumstance. I can, if need be, feed myself."

X

PERHAPS YOU DON'T DREAM ENOUGH

A CERTAIN man went to work for John D. Rockefeller in the early days.

After he had been there a couple of weeks, Rockefeller dropped into his office one afternoon and said:

"Just as soon as you get this job organized I want you to look around for some one to turn it over to. Then you put your feet on the desk and dream out some way of making more money for the Standard Oil Company."

It was a rather startling order for a new man to receive from his boss. Apparently it violated all the time-worn precepts of business progress.

Here was an employer willing to pay only small salaries to the kind of men who

keep their heads forever bent over the desk, and reserving his big salaries for the kind of men who sit with their feet piled on the desk.

A curious contradiction of all the First Reader stories.

Yet there must be something in it: for on the foundation of that philosophy Rockefeller built the biggest fortune in the world.

As a matter of fact, there is a great deal in it.

The world would not have advanced very far had it not been for the contributions of its dreamers.

It would never have gained its steamboat, nor its Atlantic cable, nor its wireless telegraph, nor its electric light.

It would never have acquired any really great enterprise.

For a little enterprise may be rustled and worried into being: but a really great program or movement or business must be dreamed.

Over in West Orange, New Jersey, I stood one day in Mr. Edison's laboratory,

talking with him. And as we talked I looked out across the huge expanse of concrete factories stretching all around us. Shop after shop, all full of men and machines, all turning out their special part of the product.

And a certain sense of awe came over me. To think, I said to myself, that all this huge pile of factories should have been spun out of one single little human brain. Thousands of tons of iron and concrete and brick and mortar, all built on — what? On nothing but one man's ideas, and faith and dreams.

Most of the work of carrying on the world is necessarily hard and dull and routine in character: and for it the world needs us men and women who can steel our souls against weariness and monotony, and press forward with good cheer.

We are entitled to respect just in proportion as we do our work without grumbling, in a spirit of real devotion.

We can not by the mere wishing become Edisons or Watts: it would be worse than folly for us to pile our feet upon the desk

and say, "Go to, now; I will not work any longer: I will dream a dream."

But almost any one of us could vastly increase the amount of imagination that he uses in his daily life. The faculty of vision, like any other human faculty, grows through exercise.

It is easy to become so engrossed with the mere mechanics of business as to lose the habit of thought. Easy to say, "Yours received and contents noted" a certain number of times during the day, and go home with the notion that one has done a good day's work. When the really valuable work of the day could have been and should have been done under the shower-bath in the morning, or in the fifteen minutes' walk across the park to the office.

One man in a million wakes up, like Lord Byron, to "find himself famous."

But the majority of famous men are not taken unawares by fame.

On the wall of their minds hangs their own vision of what they ought to be and can be.

They are not surprised by success when it comes; because they have seen it coming, and planned out its coming, in their dreams.

XI

A LESSON FROM LUIGI

HERE is a recipe for living a hundred years.

It is not based upon any theory of mine. If it were it would be worthless. For I have not lived a hundred years.

But Luigi Cornaro lived to be one hundred and two, and "died painlessly, as one who falls into sweet sleep." The formula is his.

At thirty-six, the doctors said to Luigi: "Make your will; you have only a few months to live."

At the end of the few months they came back expecting to sign his death certificate. To their surprise, they found him well.

What had Luigi done? Taken medicine? No.

What he did was the simplest thing in

the world. He merely stopped eating.

Instead of three heavy meals a day, he substituted three very light ones. Instead of getting up from the table with a feeling of fullness, he got up feeling still hungry.

Instead of half a dozen different dishes, he confined himself to one at each meal. And each day he ate the same dish, at the same time, and in the same amount.

Year after year he continued to grow stronger. At seventy he was thrown from his horse, and again the doctors said: "No man of seventy can stand such an accident; you will die." But so strong was Luigi that he was out of bed in no time at all.

In his years of careful eating he made some important discoveries.

He discovered, first, that the rule, "Whatever your appetite craves is good for you," is a bad rule. Many foods of which he was very fond proved bad for him: and some others which he had never liked proved to have just the nourishment that his system required.

He discovered that " a man can not be a perfect physician of any one save of himself alone." In other words, that no physician could prescribe for him offhand a diet as well suited to his needs as he could prescribe for himself, after years of careful study of his own requirements.

All women have an idea that men ought to eat a great deal. If a man is feeling badly, a woman's remedy is always to make him sit down to a large, appetizing meal.

Luigi's women-folks were no different from others. When he was about eighty they gathered around him and persuaded him to increase his daily food allowance from twelve to fourteen ounces a day. As a result he nearly died.

Then he went back to his twelve-ounce diet, and lived twenty-two years longer.

" Most men," said a philosopher, " dig their graves with their teeth."

Diogenes, seeing a young man going to a banquet, caught him and took him home, and rejoiced as if he had saved him from some great danger.

"If I were to assign any one thing as especially conducing to long life from a study of the habits of centenarians," says Sir Henry Thompson, "it would be *semi-starvation.*"

"Semi-starvation"— the word makes you gasp, but have no fear. You can cut down your eating a long way below where it is now and still be in no danger.

Luigi's granddaughter reports that "during the latter part of his life the yolk of one egg sufficed for a meal and sometimes two."

If you would live long, *eat very temperately of a few pure foods.*

This is one of the wisest lessons you can ever learn.

It is the lesson from Luigi.

XII

I WOULD IF HE WERE MY BOY

A MOTHER asked me recently to recommend a list of books for her boy to read.

I answered:

Start him with a "Life of Lincoln"; then a "Life of Washington"; then a "Life of Cromwell"; and Franklin's autobiography. When he has read these, I will recommend some more.

Do not buy these books for him. Take him to a book-store and let him buy them for himself. Let his library be *his own library*. The love of books is an intoxicating habit, like the love of liquor. If more boys were taught to haunt book-stores, fewer of them would haunt saloons.

Then I went on to say:

And don't forget that the best and biggest and wisest book lies all around him

and costs nothing. Do not let your boy grow up without some knowledge of the miracle of creation as it is exhibited in the growth of a garden of flowers.

These books that I have recommended are the biographies of mighty men. Nature is the autobiography of Almighty God.

No matter where you live or how busy you are, help your boy to make a garden. Perhaps you are penned up in an apartment. Never mind. Let him plant something, if it be only a packet of seeds in a window-box.

If you would expand his soul, fill it full of reverence.

"The love of dirt," says Charles Dudley Warner, "is among the earliest of passions, as it is the latest. Mud pies gratify one of our first and best instincts. So long as we are dirty, we are pure. Fondness for the ground comes back to a man after he has run the round of pleasures, eaten dirt, and sowed wild oats, drifted around the world, and taken the wind of all its moods.

"The man who has planted a garden feels that he has done something for the good of the world.

"It is not simply beets and potatoes and string-beans that one raises in his well kept garden. There is life in the ground. It goes into the seeds; and it also, when stirred up, goes into the man who stirs it."

Tell your boy the story of Antæus.

Antæus was a giant, and it was one of Hercules' tasks to kill him. But Hercules discovered that every time he threw Antæus to the ground, the giant came up stronger than ever. He had only to touch the soil to have his strength and courage renewed.

Men are like that — and boys.

There is, first of all, *health* for the boy who digs in the ground. It is not by chance that so large a percentage of our successful men grew up bare-footed on the farm.

There is *discipline* and *respect for honest toil.* No boy who has weeded a garden on his hands and knees, under the

hot sun, is likely to grow up to be a spendthrift or a snob.

And there is — most of all — *reverence.*

"I often think, when working over my plants," said John Fiske, "of what Linnæus once said of the unfolding of a blossom: 'I saw God in His glory passing near me, and bowed my head in worship.'"

By all means, teach your boy the love of good books. But do not let him hold his books so close to his eyes that he fails to read the greatest mystery serial story in the world — the serial story of which God writes a new and more wonderful instalment every spring.

XIII

MUSIC IS NOT MERELY ENTERTAINMENT: IT IS ALSO MEDICINE

I LIKE grand opera music, and dislike grand opera. In the first place, grand opera costs too much.

In the second place, it seems to me a hybrid art. Acting and singing no more belong together — for me — than reading and dancing. The acting of a play or the narration of a story carries me along with it. I can surrender myself to the illusion: identify myself with the characters and forget everything in my interest in their affairs.

But it is simply beyond me to feel any illusion concerning a love scene between two supposedly passionate young lovers, when the parts are sung by a burly Italian man and a burly German woman, both

over forty years old and more than forty stone in weight.

The only way I can enjoy the acting of opera is to close my eyes.

Furthermore, I like to be able to start my opera and stop it when I want to; to smoke if I like, or lie down if I like; and, finally, to be able to leave when I get ready, without feeling that I am losing any money by doing so.

In other words, I like my opera on a machine.

Music is not merely entertainment: it is medicine.

Pythagoras, who lived many hundred years ago, discovered that. He was able to work wonders in cases of violent insanity with no other remedy than soothing music.

Esquirol, the celebrated French alienist, said: "Music acts most powerfully on the physical and moral nature, and I use it constantly in mental disease. It soothes and calms the patient's mind, and, though it may not cure, it is a most precious agent and ought not to be neglected."

Gladstone, attacked by occasional periods of nervous exhaustion, would have his favorite hymns sung to him.

Herbert Spencer, when neuralgia shot him through, lay down and ordered soft music played, and invariably obtained relief.

And I, in my humble fashion, have the same experience.

I like to go home in the evening before dinner, and lie down for half an hour and listen to my favorite music.

If I need stimulation, there are stimulating pieces; if relaxation, there are selections that relax; if sleep, there are songs that carry one over pleasant pastures and lay one down under fragrant apple trees to peaceful slumber.

Music is a mental and spiritual massage, or a bracing cold shower bath, according to what you select. I personally do not care to take my spiritual massage in the Metropolitan Opera House, any more than I would care to have my hair cut in Madison Square Garden.

Every child should grow up in a home

where music is constantly played. Every experience of a happy youth should have some particular song bound up with it, so that the playing of that song in after life will reawaken that experience and cause it to be lived again.

I can never hear Handel's "Largo" without living over one of the quiet Sundays of my boyhood, because it was played in our house almost every Sunday.

"Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt," brings back a memory to me that is peculiarly intimate and sweet. There are a hundred favorites — each calling its own particular bit of grand opera back into my memory — a fragment of the opera of my own life.

Do not deny your child the blessed ministry of music. It is one of the rarest gifts.

Sweeten his soul with it. Perhaps you may even be able to teach him to love opera. If not, you can at least teach him to love music in his own home.

And he will be in good company. That is the way the prophet Elisha liked his music. Of him it is written that, when

driven to utter weariness by the perplexities of his business, he would cry:

"But now bring me a minstrel.

"And it came to pass, when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him."

XIV

A FEW KIND WORDS FOR BUSINESS

I GRADUATED from college when muckraking was in its greatest glory. The magazines and newspapers and reformers had filled our youthful minds with so much distressing information that we hardly knew whether the world was a safe place for us to step out into or not.

We looked askance on all the fellows in college whose fathers had made money. To be sure, the fathers seemed decent enough old codgers when they visited us at the fraternity house. But we felt that something was dark and bad in their past somewhere.

We would not have been seen walking on the street with John D. Rockefeller for anything.

I remember visiting Washington and looking at the United States Senate. I

felt as if I were inside the gates of Sing Sing.

There was So-and-So from Texas: we had been told that the Oil Trust owned him. There was So-and-So from Wisconsin: the railroads owned him. And so on.

All there through some unholy alliance.

All city governments were corrupt; all laws were passed from evil motives; all business was yoked together in a vast unseen network, fashioned and fostered to exploit the nation.

A business man was a being without conscience or intelligence, like a slot-machine. You gave him a nickel and he gave you a nickel's worth of goods.

If he took your nickel and withheld the goods, then he was a *successful* business man.

Running a magazine was very easy in those days.

All one had to do was to take down a map of the United States and place his finger on any spot — say Owosso, Michigan. Then call in a writer and say, " Get

on the train and go out and see what is rotten in Owosso."

Muckraking did some good: but we have come to realize now that it overplayed its hand.

In fact, I believe it could be shown that the greatest force for righteousness in the United States to-day is nothing more nor less than the once maligned BUSINESS.

Certainly Business is the greatest force in America working for temperance.

The young men of half a century ago were pretty heavy drinkers. The young men of to-day have given up drink.

Not altogether because they were argued into it or scared into it: but also because they know that it destroys their efficiency and cripples their progress in Business.

Business is the greatest ally and promoter of Honesty. And more and more I have come to feel that Honesty is, after all, the corner-stone of all the virtues.

I have seen a business man refuse to sign a document that contained the tiniest

little misstatement — a misstatement that probably never would have been detected, and might have meant thousands of dollars in profits to him.

I have seen a man whose time is worth a thousand dollars a day spend half an hour editing a single advertisement — so jealous was he of his firm's reputation for never making a false claim or an extravagant assertion.

Business has taught that honesty is the best policy; and millions of young men have been made better citizens by first being made better business men.

Nothing has impressed me more than this: Get to the top of a big business enterprise, and nine times out of ten you will find an idealist.

You will find a man who has long since ceased to be interested in mere money-making, who is staying in business because of what he wants his business to do for his employees, his community, and his country.

I do not say that Business is perfect. Far from it.

But I do say that the time is past when the young man who goes into business needs to feel that he is making a selfish choice — a choice that cuts him off from service to his fellow men.

"*Be not slothful in business,*" said St. Paul, "fervent in spirit; *serving the Lord.*"

Many a man, building a big business in America, has, as a by-product of his building, strengthened the character and lifted the ideals of hundreds of his associates, and helped in the regeneration of a whole community.

And the number of such men — the idealists of BUSINESS in America — is increasing very fast.

XV

SOME POOR BLIND FOLK HAVE NEVER SEEN A MIRACLE

HERE is an important distinction that many people overlook.

God made the world; but He does not make *your* world.

He provides the raw materials, and out of them every man selects what he wants and builds an individual world for himself.

The fool looks over the wealth of material provided, and selects a few plates of ham and eggs, a few pairs of trousers, a few dollar bills — and is satisfied.

The wise man builds his world out of wonderful sunsets, and thrilling experiences, and the song of the stars, and romance and miracles.

Nothing wonderful ever happens in the life of the fool.

A primrose by a river's brim
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more.

An electric light is simply an electric light; a telephone is only a telephone — nothing unusual at all.

But the wise man never ceases to wonder how a tiny speck of seed, apparently dead and buried, can produce a beautiful yellow flower. He never lifts a telephone receiver or switches on an electric light without a certain feeling of awe.

And think what a miracle it is, this harnessing of electricity to the service of man!

Who, unless his sense of awe had grown blunt through constant familiarity, would believe it?

The sun, the center of our universe, goes down behind the western horizon. I touch a button, and presto! I have called it back — the room is flooded anew with light.

The thunder that men once called the voice of God rolls out its mighty waves of sound, and the sound carries only a few

score miles. But I — puny speck upon the face of the earth — I lift a little instrument: and, behold, my whisper is heard a thousand miles away.

Prometheus stole fire from the gods and brought it down to earth. For that crime the gods chained him to a lonely rock and sent a huge bird to feed upon his vitals. Each night the wound healed, and each day it was torn open again.

That was the punishment of the man who dared to wrest away the richest treasure of the gods.

But fire — the treasure of the gods — has almost disappeared out of our daily life: we scorn it.

Do we want heat? We press a button: and lo, heat, invisible, silent, all-pervasive, flows into our homes over a copper wire.

Do we need power? We have but to press another switch, and giants come to us over the same slender roadway. Clothed in invisible garments, they cleanse our homes, wash our clothes, crank our automobiles — do everything that once

taxed the strength of men and hurried women into unlovely old age.

Don't let your life become a prosaic affair: don't let familiarity with the marvels about you breed thoughtlessness and contempt.

Let the fool build his world out of mere food and drink and clothes: *you* fashion *yours* out of marvelous experiences: furnish and decorate it with miracles.

Exercise your mind in the wholesome activity of wonder: train your soul to reverent awe.

If you had stood with Moses on the shore of the Red Sea, and had seen it divide to let the children of Israel pass over, you would have had no difficulty in recognizing *that* as a miracle.

But every night when the sun goes down, a man stands in a power-house in your city and throws a switch, and instantly the city and the country for miles around are flooded with sunshine.

And you say to yourself casually: "Oh, I see the lights are on."

XVI

I REASSURE A MOTHER

A MOTHER writes me about her son's reading. Among other things, she says:

In spite of all I can do or say, he insists on reading stories. How can I correct this habit?

Frankly, madam, I do not know.

It is about as easy to cure a boy of eating as it is to destroy his love for good stories.

Centuries before there was any writing, story-tellers drifted about from village to village, gathering the people together and telling them stories.

The love of fiction is as old as that — older than recorded history, older even than civilization. It can not be rooted out: its roots run back too far.

And why should you want to root it out?

The greatest Teacher that ever lived

spent half His time telling stories to His disciples. "Without a parable [a story] He taught them nothing." These stories have transformed humanity.

One great story written in our own country, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," so stirred men's hearts that they said, "Slavery must go."

Good stories will not hurt your boy: they may, if he is the right kind of boy, inspire him to real achievement.

And they will do something else for him, equally important. They will develop his imagination.

We have too little regard for the high value of the imagination, we Americans. We are too matter-of-fact. We forget that all great inventions, all great discoveries, all great achievements in science or business, came to pass because some man first had imagination enough to conceive them.

Many men have been hit on the head by a falling apple. Newton, when the apple hit him, had imagination enough to formulate the law of gravitation.

Many men have been burned by their wives' tea-kettles. Watt had imagination enough to conceive the steam-engine.

Look through the pages of history, and you will discover that the leaders of men have been those who could dream great dreams and carry them out — the men of powerful, intelligent imagination.

Because this is true, the editor of a magazine that prints stories has a responsibility that he must take seriously if he is any sort of man at all. He is intrusted with the duty of stimulating the imagination of thousands of children of mothers like you.

He may, if he choose, publish stories whose appeal is to the baser side of the imagination — and even achieve a certain sort of circulation increase for his magazine by so doing. Or he may regard every mother among his readers as if she were his own mother, and every mother's son as a younger brother.

You need not concern yourself because your boy likes stories. But are the stories

he reads the right kind of stories — do they appeal to his imagination on its best and highest side?

That is the important question for you.

XVII

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW WHETHER YOUR BRAIN IS FLABBY, FEEL OF YOUR LEGS

THIS is one of the greatest tragedies of modern life. Men are forgetting how to walk.

They travel by taxi-cabs and street cars; they travel by automobile; they project their personalities over a telephone wire.

But they do not walk.

There is a double loss in this.

A loss in health, first. Most of the diseases of modern men originate in the intestines. Formerly men and women walked enough to keep the stomach muscles firm, the intestines healthfully agitated.

Now men — and women even more so — sit all day slumped in.

Germs settle down inside them gladly;

and Death, his work made easy for him, laughs.

There is another loss, equally great. A loss in mental keenness and mental wealth.

Did you ever take a walk in the country with some one who knows really how to walk?

Some one of the type of the naturalist Linnæus, for instance?

Linnæus walked into Oland, and found the lands of the farmers ruined by sand blown from the beaches.

He discovered that the roots of a certain beach grass were long and firm: he taught the farmers to sow that grass along the beach, and so preserved their lands from ruin.

He walked into Thorne, and found that at a certain period in every year the cattle fell sick and died.

It was a curse, the people said — the act of angry spirits.

But Linnæus, examining the pastures, uncovered a noxious weed, and showed the farmers how the work of one laborer

for a few days every season would root it out.

In his walks he examined and catalogued 8,000 plants, vegetables, and flowers.

How many plants, vegetables, and flowers do you think you could identify if you were to see them in their native state?

"Few men," said Dr. Johnson, "know how to take a walk."

It was so in his day. It is even more true now.

But those favored few enjoy a glorious and mysterious privilege.

To discover where the violets first bloom in the spring —

To be able to tell directions in the woods, by knowing that large pine trees bear more numerous branches on their southern side —

Or that grass grows on the south side of ant-hills and whortle-berries on the north —

To learn to greet the wild flowers by name —

There are few pleasures more richly sat-

isfying; none that pay larger dividends in health.

The man who goes into the country once a week is a better citizen than the man who never goes, even though his eyes see nothing more inspiring on his walk than a golf ball.

But far more to be envied is that little inner circle of Nature's favorites who speak her language intimately; who read her thoughts in her woods and brooks and flowers.

"You shall never break down in a speech," said a great English statesman, "on the day that you have walked twelve miles."

Flabby legs usually mean flabby brains.

If you would think clearly, speak forcefully, work effectively, get out into the country when you can — and walk.

XVIII

DO BABIES LIKE YOU? THAT 'S A PRETTY GOOD TEST

"HOW do you like babies?" some woman asked Charles Lamb.

"B-b-oiled, madam," stuttered Lamb.

In the beginning of the race *nobody* except mothers liked babies.

The records of civilization's slow progress are written in babies' blood.

Babies had no rights: they were a necessary evil.

In the South Sea Islands, when either parent died, the children were slain and buried also, to wait on the parent in the other world.

In China it is estimated that 40 per cent. of the girl babies in the provinces of the interior were drowned.

In India, when a girl baby was born, the mother put opium on her breasts, and the

baby, inhaling it with the mother's milk, died.

Inside the great brass statue of Moloch a roaring fire was built on holy days. And into the seething arms of the god women hurled their screaming infants.

Even the Greeks, who established a civilization higher than that of any other ancient people, regularly "exposed" their undesired infants on the mountain-sides.

And Socrates, their greatest man, saw nothing in the practice to condemn.

Little by little, through the succeeding centuries, the baby has been coming into his own.

Romulus, who founded Rome, took the first forward step; the Emperor Hadrian made another advance.

But it was Christianity that discovered the baby.

All motherhood became sanctified in the worship paid to Mary, the mother of Jesus.

All childhood was ennobled by the birth in the manger.

To-day we measure the civilization of a

nation by the question: How does it treat its babies?

And the civilization of an individual can be measured by the same test.

Do you consider babies a nuisance? Do you dislike them? Do they fear you?

Then — though your culture may belong to the twentieth century — your heart still lingers in the first.

It 's a question how much any one man influences the world through his business life or his public acts.

Alexander conquered the world. And, before his ashes were cold, his kingdom began to break up.

But one little section of the human race is given into your care irrevocably:

Your babies.

What you make them they will be. Through them and their descendants you can perpetuate your influence to the end of time.

If there is a baby in your home, nursing-bottles ought to be more important to you than stocks and bonds.

You ought to know more about the

various kinds of baby foods than you know about golf.

Your business is important because it makes your living.

But your home is *all-important* because there you *make lives.*

In it are molded the characters of the future proprietors of the earth: your children — the most important citizens in the world.

XIX

NOW WILL YOU STOP THAT SUNDAY WORK?

THIS is a "scientific" age.

The way to get a man married is not to introduce him to a pretty girl.

You must prove to him by statistics that married men are more successful and live longer than single men.

Then he goes about it scientifically.

It used to be sufficient merely to tell a child, "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy. In it thou shalt not do any work."

But the modern child — and man — asks, Why?

Well, here is one reason why — a scientific reason.

Dr. E. G. Martin, of the Harvard Medical School, selected nine first-year medical students, all in good health, and

tested them every day for eight weeks with electric currents.

Each day he recorded the smallest shock that they could feel. The smaller the shock they could feel, the higher their sensitiveness. A high sensitiveness means high nervous efficiency.

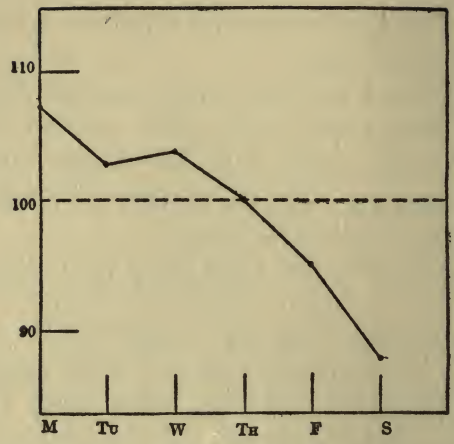
You know that from your own experience.

You have been so "dead tired" you could not taste the food you were eating; so tired that you hardly felt a blow or a prick which would otherwise have caused you severe pain. Your sensitiveness was low.

And Dr. Martin discovered this:

There was an unmistakable tendency for the sensitiveness to be at its highest at the beginning of the week and to sink steadily from day to day until the week's end, reaching the lowest point on Saturday. With the return of Monday following the Sunday recess the sensitiveness was back at its former high point.

The chart on the next page shows the results of the experiment:



It shows what happens to your reservoir of nervous energy every week.

Monday you are keen, alert, ready for anything.

Tuesday you are not quite so fit.

Thursday and Friday and Saturday you slump off very fast, each day a little less fresh than the day before. And by Saturday night you are dead tired.

Then, if you rest Sunday, you are back to high-water mark again Monday morning. If you do not rest. you go down and down.

The results [says Dr. Martin] show that the repose of a single night following a day of toil does not afford complete restoration of the impaired nervous tissues; and furthermore that the longer period furnished by the Sunday recess gives, under ordinary conditions, the longer time needed for the expulsion of the accumulated fatigue products and the recovery of efficiency.

Arnold Bennett, in "The Truth About an Author," tells how, after working seven days a week for several years, he learned that a day of complete rest greatly added to his efficiency.

The man who carries his work home with him and dwells on it in the time devoted ostensibly to rest [concludes Dr. Martin] is defeating the very purpose he seeks — increased efficiency.

"Remember the Sabbath day," says modern Science.

But the Bible said it thousands of years ago.

Some day, when you have had enough scientific proof, you will begin to believe that there are quite a good many things in the Bible worth knowing and believing.

XX

ASK ANY SUCCESSFUL MAN

I SHOULD like to have this carved on my tombstone:

Here lies a man who edited a magazine: he made many mistakes, but we forgive him for them, because year after year he preached Thrift to his readers, he encouraged several million people to save money.

We are not a thrifty people, as compared with other nations.

Belgium before the war was known as a "country without paupers"; of France's 10,000,000 voters nine tenths are owners of government bonds. There are 12,500,000 savings accounts in France, and half of them little ones — less than $4.

But only one in ten of us have savings accounts: the rest of us are "good fellows."

I attended the funeral of a "good fellow" recently. He had always "lived up to his income." When the company for which he worked was reorganized ten years ago, the president said to him: "Have you a thousand dollars?"

A thousand dollars put into that business ten years ago would be earning a competence for his widow to-day. But the "good fellow" did not have it: he had never learned to save. And now we are raising a fund to buy his daughter a piano, so that she can give music lessons.

I came away from the funeral with another man whose salary has never been as large as the "good fellow's." We rode in his automobile.

"Do you know how I paid for this automobile?" he asked. "Out of the dividends that came to me last year from my savings. When I was getting eighteen dollars a week, my wife took two of it every week and put it into the savings bank, where we could n't touch it. When I was raised to twenty-five, she raised the savings fund to five a week; and so on. I 'm forty-seven years old now. I 've never had a big

salary, as you know; but I could retire to-morrow, if I wanted to, and have more than thirty dollars a week in dividends from the money I've saved. I tell you, I don't know anything that makes a man face the world with so much confidence as the knowledge that he has made himself independent of it."

There you have them side by side — the "good fellow" and the "wise fellow." All of us belong in one class or the other. Which class are you in?

"If you want to know whether you are going to be a success or a failure in life," said James J. Hill, "you can easily find out. The test is simple and infallible. Are you able to save money? If not, drop out. You will lose. You may not think it, but you will lose as sure as you live. The seed of success is not in you."

There is not a single man, woman, or child in America who can not save some money if he or she will set out determinedly to do it.

"Ah," you object. "How can you say that? You do not know my circumstances."

No, I do not. But if circumstances dictate your life, this is not written for you. You will not succeed anyway: you do not count.

"Circumstances!" exclaimed Napoleon. "I *make* circumstances."

XXI

IF YOU CAN GIVE YOUR SON ONLY ONE GIFT, LET IT BE ENTHUSIASM

A LITTLE while ago I was in charge of a large organization of salesmen.

My chief sent me to a Western city to appoint a manager for that territory.

There were two candidates. We had their records in detail, but we had never met either of them. I was to look them over, form my judgment, and appoint the better man.

I met one man in Cincinnati, the other in St. Louis.

The man in Cincinnati said to me: "What does this position pay?" I told him. "That is more than I am getting here," he said, "and I should like the job. Every man wants to better himself when he can."

The St. Louis man did not wait for me

to arrive in the city. He found out on what train I was coming, rode out on the line, and surprised me by walking down the aisle of my car. He began to talk. He told me about himself, his training and his selling experience. He had drawn up plans in detail for the development of our territory; he told me how many men he expected to have working by the end of the year, and just how he thought he could increase our volume of business.

I had to hire him, finally, in order to get a chance to go to bed at night. And in his enthusiasm he forgot to ask me and I forgot to tell him what the salary would be.

The first man had wanted a better job, which is commendable enough. *But I hired the man who was enthusiastic about the opportunity.*

Napoleon's adversaries used to speak of him as "the 100,000 man"—meaning that his spirit infused into an army was equal to an additional 100,000 troops.

They criticized his tactics; they accused him of disregarding all the rules of suc-

cessful warfare: yet he won and they lost. *Because his enthusiasm carried his soldiers to impossible achievements.*

We are told a great deal about the necessity for controlling our emotions, for being self-contained, for not letting our enthusiasm sweep us off our feet.

Much of this advice is very wise.

But don't forget that the Indians were very self-contained. They controlled their emotions so successfully that it was a point of pride among them never to exhibit pleasure or pain or love or enthusiasm.

And the Indians used to own this country — *and do not own it any more.*

It was taken away from them —

By men like Columbus, who believed so enthusiastically that the world was round, in an age when other people believed it flat, that he risked tumbling off into space in order to discover a new continent.

By men like Fulton, who believed that steam could be made to run a boat in spite of wind or tide.

By men like Marcus Whitman, who

was so enthusiastic about the great unknown West that he rode alone across the continent to add the Western empire to our country.

By men like James J. Hill, whose enthusiasm could picture towns and farms where other men saw only useless prairies.

Take your son on trips; show him the big men of his own time, such as the President of the United States; and the great sights of the world, such as Niagara Falls.

Encourage him to express his enthusiasm and delight. Let him believe that the world is full of wonderful things, and he himself full of splendid possibilities.

He can learn self-repression in later years: but enthusiasm, once lost, is lost forever.

"Men are nothing," said Montaigne, "until they are excited."

And Montaigne was right.

Of two boys with equal ability, the one who can be excited about his work, day after day and year after year, is the boy that is going to win.

XXII

HAVE YOU CEASED TO STUDY? IF SO, GOOD NIGHT

A MAN named Brown and a man named Black graduated from high school and entered business in New York at the same time.

Both made rapid progress. At twenty-five each of them was drawing $2,500 a year.

"Coming men," said their friends. "If they are so far along at twenty-five, where will they be at fifty?"

Black went on. At fifty he is president of his company, with an income of $25,000 a year.

But something happened to Brown. He never fulfilled the large promise of his youth: at fifty he had hardly advanced beyond his thirty mark.

What was it that happened to these two

men, of equal education and — so far as the world could judge — equal ability?

I will tell you.

Brown became satisfied. He ceased to study: which means that he ceased to grow.

Black has told me that when he reached $5,000 a year he said to himself: "I have made a good start. Nothing can stop me if I keep my health and *keep growing.* I must study, study, study: I must be the best informed man on our business in the United States."

There is the difference. One stayed in school: one did not.

The position you attain before you are twenty-five years old is of no particular credit to you. You gained that simply on the education your parents gave you — education that cost you no sacrifice.

But the progress you make in the world *after twenty-five* — that is progress that you must make by educating yourself. It will be in proportion to the amount of study you give to your work in excess of the amount the other man gives.

Analyze any successful man and you will find these three great facts:

He had an aim:

Lord Campbell wrote to his father, as an excuse for not coming home over the holidays:

"To have any chance of success, I must be more steady than other men. I must be in chambers when they are at the theater: I must study when they are asleep: I must, above all, remain in town when they are in the country."

He worked:

"I have worked," said Daniel Webster, "for more than twelve hours a day for fifty years."

He studied:

Vice-President Henry Wilson was born in the direst poverty.

"Want sat by my cradle," he says. "I know what it is to ask my mother for bread when she had none to give. I left home when ten years of age, and served an apprenticeship of eleven years, receiving one month's schooling each year, and at the end of eleven years of hard work a yoke of oxen and six sheep, which brought me $84."

Yet in those eleven years of grueling labor he found time to read and study more than one hundred books.

Really big men check themselves up each autumn, at the beginning of a new business year.

"This year," they say, "I am going to master one new subject. I am going to pursue such and such studies, which will increase my ability and earning power."

The bigger they are, the longer they keep themselves in school. Gladstone took up a new language after he had passed seventy.

Have you left school?

As a matter of fact, did you grow mentally last year at all? What definite subject are you planning to devote your evenings to this year?

"As a rule," said Disraeli, "the most successful man in life is the man who has the most information."

How much will you increase your stock of useful information in the next business year?

XXIII

A MAN ASKS, "WHAT IS YOUR FAVORITE BOOK?"

OF course, no man wants the same book for every mood, any more than he wants the same food for every meal or the same medicine for every disease.

But the book to which I come back again and again was written several hundred years ago.

It is called Ecclesiastes: you will find it about the middle of the Bible. Frederick the Great called it the "Book of Kings," and said every monarch should reread it constantly.

He should have said *every man;* for every man is the monarch of his own life. And this is the book of life, written by a king who had everything that life can give.

It is the answer to the eternal question: "What 's the use?"

> What profit hath a man of all his labor
> Which he taketh under the sun?
> One generation passeth away,
> And another generation cometh:
> But the earth abideth for ever. . . .
> All the rivers run into the sea;
> Yet the sea is not full;
> Unto the place from whence the rivers come,
> Thither they return again. . . .
> The eye is not satisfied with seeing,
> Nor the ear filled with hearing.
> The thing that hath been,
> It is that which shall be;
> And that which is done
> Is that which shall be done:
> And there is no new thing under the sun.

In other words, life is not just one thing after another. It is the same thing again and again. Get up, worry and work; eat, lie down, sleep. What 's the use of it all?

The man who is never tempted to ask that question has no imagination.

Solomon, the writer, determined to find out what is worth while in life.

Is wisdom the thing greatly to be desired? He made himself the wisest man in the world, and discovered — what?

> In much wisdom is much grief:
> And he that increaseth knowledge
> Increaseth sorrow.

From wisdom he turned to mirth, only to find, as an end of living, that "this also is vanity."

He sought to give his heart unto wine, and "to lay hold on folly": and in this too there was no satisfaction.

Perhaps, then, he said to himself, perhaps work is the one thing worth while. To achieve something great — to leave a monument for posterity to wonder at.

> I made me great works; I builded me houses; I planted me vineyards: . . .
>
> Then I looked on all the works that my hands had wrought, and on the labor that I had labored to do: and, behold, all was vanity and vexation of spirit, and there was no profit under the sun.

Wisdom, mirth, work, fame —

The man who has not at some time sought each one as a solution of the puzzle of life has in him no spirit of adventure.

But none of them satisfied Solomon.

What, then, is the answer to the riddle? What will satisfy the soul of man? What will make his life seem to have been worth while when he comes to give it up?

The answer is in the great last chapter, which begins:

> Remember now thy Creator
> In the days of thy youth,
> While the evil days come not,
> Nor the years draw nigh,
> When thou shalt say,
> I have no pleasure in them.

To live straight and simply; to do a little kindness as one moves along; to love useful work; to raise a worthy family; and to leave the world a little better than you found it — to do one's daily duty in simple reverence — this is the final answer.

And the man who, having passed through his periods of questioning, and

made his false excursions into the varied by-paths, does not come finally to this true road, has failed to find real greatness.

XXIV

THIS HOARY-HEADED FALSEHOOD HAS LIVED LONG ENOUGH

THERE are a few hoary-headed falsehoods that have lived too long. One of them is this:

"Ninety-five per cent. of the men who go into business in this country fail."

I have heard speakers get that off at dinners with ponderous gravity: I have seen it again and again in magazine articles.

Recently a statistician has examined the records of business success and failure in this country, and has proved conclusively that the statement is not true.

Ninety-five per cent. of the men who enter business do not fail; and, of those who do fail, a good many start over again, pay up their debts, and die successful.

We have fallen into the habit of talking

about success as if it were something exceptional.

In America success is not the exception — it is the rule.

I am continually amazed by the mediocre men — men of one idea, men who bore you to death if you have to talk with them half an hour — who win out.

Five years ago a group of us used to wag our heads sadly about the fate of poor Horton. He was buried alive in a great corporation. To be sure, we did not think he deserved much of the world: he had no genius, only a dogged sort of loyalty.

The other day I received an engraved notice that Horton had been made general manager of his concern.

I picked up the latest copy of a trade paper yesterday. On the cover was the name of a poor stick I used to know.

We wondered, when he married, how he could ever find a job that would pay him enough to support a wife.

That was six or seven years ago. Yesterday in this trade paper I found a full-

length picture of him, seated in his mahogany-trimmed office. He has been made his company's president.

We need to get two things firmly in mind about American business.

First: In a country growing as fast as this, the earning power of money is very great. Your banker will point out to you that if, at twenty-one, you begin saving money regularly, systematically, you will at fifty have as large an income from your savings as you now have from your salary.

In other words, any man in America who will set himself doggedly at it can acquire a competence.

And second: Business in America is expanding so fast that any man who will take the trouble to equip himself, and who will work determinedly, can win a fair measure of success.

Luck? you ask. Yes.

"I believe there are lucky men," said Charles M. Schwab. "I have made it a rule of my life to surround myself with lucky men: to have no other kind in positions of importance that I control."

But when you come to ask Charles M. Schwab what he means by luck, you will discover from his own career that he means, first, hard work; second, an unshakable conviction that *he deserves to be lucky and is going to be lucky.*

Many men have the work without the conviction.

Get that conviction to-day.

Get it firmly implanted in your mind that in this country a majority of the men your age, who have less brains than you, are going to be successful men at fifty.

If you believe that you are going to be one of that majority, if you save money and work, you will win.

Don't tell me that you won't.

I have never met you; but I have met a good many self-made rich men. And, without knowing you at all, I tell you confidently that you have more brains than some of them have.

XXV

IN APPRECIATION OF MOTHERS

A LADY asks me whether I am in favor of woman suffrage.

My answer is that I am in favor of mothers.

Having been a voter for a number of years, and something of a student of politics, I am under no illusions about the ballot.

It is a very clumsy weapon. Politics accomplishes a minimum of progress with a maximum of expense and noise. There are many other avenues of influence more quiet, more pleasant, and far more effective.

But if the mothers of America believe that the ballot will help them to widen their influence; if suffrage will extend the atmosphere of the home into politics instead of extending the atmosphere of poli-

tics into the home; if the ballot will help women to make the working conditions of girls better, enable them to lead happier, bigger lives, and found finer homes — then I am for suffrage now and forever.

It is an interesting thing to remember that the whole process of evolution has been devoted to one single accomplishment — the development of a mother.

Nature began with the protozoa, the simplest form of life: then she made the worms: then the mollusks: then the amphibia: then the reptiles: then the birds: and last of all, what?

The mammalia, as science calls them — the mothers.

Having made the mothers, Nature has never made anything since. She considered her task complete.

All up through the various stages of life she had struggled gradually toward motherhood.

In the lower stages there is no motherhood, because there is no infancy. With the ephemeridæ the moment of birth is also the moment of death: they are born,

live, and die all in a single instant. Not much chance for motherhood there.

The land-crab marches down from her mountain home to the seashore once a year, lays her eggs in the sand, and marches up again. (There are Feminists, by the way, who contend that the land-crab has the right idea — that motherhood ought to be only an incident in the woman's life, as it is in the land-crab's life.)

Even with the higher animals the young are dependent on the mother for only a few days or weeks or months. They come quickly to self-reliance: they are ready almost immediately to feed themselves.

For man alone Nature reserved infancy. And infancy created motherhood.

For years the child is dependent upon its mother absolutely. It is weak, helpless, unable to feed itself, unable to walk, an easy victim to a single hour's neglect.

Out of its helplessness, unselfishness was born into woman's heart; out of its pain grew *sympathy;* out of its long years

of weakness came *patience* and *self-sacrificing devotion.*

Women, bending over the cradles of their young, learned these virtues first: little by little, they have passed them on to men. And the world's progress is measured by the slow record of their growth in the world — the growth of a patience and unselfishness and devotion and love.

Unless each new generation of women gathered these golden virtues all over again at the cradles of their young, the world would soon forget.

The weakness of infancy is the source of all social progress. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

We men in business get to thinking of ourselves as important in the scheme of things: but we are not. Harriman dies, and the trains on his railroads stop for five minutes and then rush on again. We men can be killed by millions, and the ranks close up and move forward. The world can not be permanently damaged, so long as it has its mothers.

"What does France need most?" they

asked Napoleon. "Mothers," was his reply.

"All that I am I owe to my mother," Lincoln said a hundred times.

And what was true of Lincoln is true in large degree of every other good man in the world.

Fortunate are those men who know it.

XXVI

THE LESSON OF A FAILURE

DO you want to do some reading that will be intensely interesting as well as profitable? Read the story of some of the great failures of the world. Find out what caused them.

I have recently been reading the story of a colossal failure — the defeat of the Spanish Armada, as told by the historian Froude.

The Armada was the greatest fleet the medieval world had ever seen. It consisted of 130 ships, and carried more than 30,000 sailors and soldiers.

It was fitted out by Philip II of Spain to conquer England, and was meant to overwhelm all resistance by its size. It mounted more than 2,500 guns.

Yet this magnificent fleet, the mightiest in the world, was met by a little fleet un-

der Lord Howard and decisively defeated.

Why?

Because the Spanish were not so brave as the English? No. Because their guns were inferior? Not at all.

The Spanish Armada failed because its commander had no faith in himself. Read this letter, which he wrote to the King when he was notified of his appointment:

My health is bad [he wrote], and from my small experience of the water I know that I am always seasick. I have no money which I can spare. [As a matter of fact, he was the richest nobleman in Spain.] The expedition is on such a scale and the object of it is of such high importance, that the person at the head of it ought to understand navigation and sea-fighting, and I know nothing of either. I have not one of these essential qualifications. I have no acquaintance among the officers who are to serve under me. Were I competent otherwise, I should have to act in the dark by the opinion of others, and I can not tell to whom I may trust. The Adelantado of Castile would do better than I. Our Lord would help him, for he is a good

Christian and has fought in naval battles. If you send me, depend upon it, I shall have a bad account to render of my trust.

Think of Philip II appointing a man to command his fleet who would write a letter like that!

How could such a commander expect 30,000 men to have any faith in him, when he had absolutely none in himself?

Yet the headstrong King *did* send him; and the result was one of the most monumental disasters of history.

Men fail for many reasons.

Some because they overreach themselves — because they have too much self-confidence.

But there is another kind of failure that is far worse — the failure of those who, as Goethe says, "make no mistakes, because they never wish to do anything worth doing."

For goodness' sake, *make mistakes.*

If you are going to fail at all, let it be because you believe too much in yourself.

That, at least, is a man's way to fail.

XXVII

WHEN A BOY KNOWS MORE THAN HIS FATHER

SOMETIMES a boy *does* know more than his father.

Ours would have been a very different history if Abe Lincoln, age sixteen or so, had been guided by the wisdom of Thomas Lincoln, age thirty-six or so.

"Now, Abe," we can imagine him saying, "don't waste time readin' them books. Readin' never done me any good, and what was good enough for me 's good enough for you."

Lincoln knew more than his father. It was a divine disobedience that led him to close his ears to the man who had brought him into the world, and open his heart to the vision that was to help him conquer the world.

Robert Louis Stevenson knew more than his father.

That father would have shackled him to engineering. He could not understand the obstinacy of the boy who refused to apply himself. That obstinacy saved a great author from misery as a mediocre engineer. It was an obstinacy that enriched the ages.

Jesus Christ knew more than His father.

"Thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing," said His mother to Him.

And neither His mother nor His father could hear the Voice that was calling Him away from them, the Voice that was to find fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters for Him among all those who should do His will.

"Let no man despise thy youth," wrote Paul to Timothy.

The boy who has not some firm convictions and a willingness to defend them, even against the arguments of those older than himself, is not likely to amount to much, either as a boy or as a man.

But they must be *convictions,* not mere *prejudices,* not *selfish impulses or passions.*

I know two men who "knew more" than their fathers.

One boy is the office manager of a large manufacturing concern, and his salary is $40 a week.

"Better go on in school," said his father to him when he was seventeen years old. "Better go to college: better get all the education you can while you have the chance. You 'll need it afterwards."

But the boy quit school and went to work.

He was promoted from office-boy to bookkeeper, from bookkeeper to head bookkeeper, from head bookkeeper to office manager.

His path looked golden and long. And then suddenly he stopped.

"You see that man?" said the president of his concern to me the other day. "There is a man who might have become general manager of this business if he had had a college education. His salary

might have been $20,000 a year: instead it 's $2,000. He 's reached his limit. What a shame that he has n't education enough to go on."

He "knew more" than his father. And his boyish obstinacy is costing him $18,000 a year.

"Keep yourself clean, my son," said the father of another boy. "You 'll never regret it. And some day you 'll thank heaven you did."

But the boy knew more than his father. He knew that every young man who is worth his salt must sow his wild oats.

So he sowed right merrily.

I saw him the other day. He came to me about getting a job.

He was pale, and anemic, and his hands twitched, and he was forever rolling cigarettes. He could not concentrate his mind on one subject for even a couple of minutes.

I could not give him a job: no man could. God knows what will become of him. He would starve if it were not for the few dollars he gets from his father —

The father who, he thought, knew ever so much less than he.

YOUTH is the mainspring of the world. Its insurgency, its inquisitiveness, its eagerness to try the untried and do the impossible, drives the world forward in spite of the conservatism of age.

Fortunate are those of us who recognize the divine importance of youth's cocksureness and conceit, and yet know how, gently and appreciatively, to temper it with the riper judgment of added years.

XXVIII

BUILDING MATERIALS FOR CASTLES IN SPAIN HAVE NOT ADVANCED AT ALL

I HAVE been reading the story of Cecil Rhodes.

His life was full of adventure: it makes excellent reading.

But the passage that interested me most was this:

Riding to the Matoppos one day at the usual four miles an hour, Rhodes had not said a word for two hours, when he suddenly remarked: "Well, le Sueur, there is one thing I hope for you, and that is that while still a young man you may never have everything you want.

"Take myself, for instance: I am not an old man, and yet there is nothing I want. I have been Prime Minister of the Cape, there is De Beers [the diamond mines that Rhodes controlled] and the railways, and there is a big country called after me, and I have more money than I can spend.

"You might ask, 'Would n't you like to be Prime Minister again?' Well, I answer you very fairly — I should take it if it were offered to me, but I certainly don't crave for it."

At twenty-five he was so rich that he did not want for any of the things that money can buy; at thirty-five he did not want *anything at all;* at forty-nine he died.

I hope I may never be guilty of writing anything intended to make poor people contented with their lot.

I would rather be known as one who sought to inspire his readers with *a divine discontent.*

To make men and women discontented with bad health, and to show them how, by hard work, they can have better health.

To make them discontented with their intelligence, and to stimulate them to continued study.

To urge them on to better jobs, better homes, more money in the bank.

But it does no harm, in our striving

after these worth-while things, to pause once in a while and count our blessings.

Prominent among my blessings I count the joys of anticipation — the delights of erecting Castles in Spain.

"There would be few enterprises of great labor or hazard undertaken," says Dr. Johnson, "if we did not have the power of magnifying the advantages which we persuade ourselves to expect from them."

Divine power! Blessed gift of the gods! How largely are they to be pitied who have it not.

Aladdin did not have it. Nero did not have it. Anything he wanted he could have at the instant when he wanted it. And, far from finding joy in life, he found insanity and the detestation of mankind.

If you would discover the really happy men of history, look for those who have striven forward from one achievement to another, *drawn by the power of their own anticipations.*

They have made every day yield a

double pleasure — the joy of the present, and the different but no less satisfying joys provided by a wise imagination.

I believe in day-dreams. I am strong for Castles in Spain. I have a whole group of them myself, and am constantly building improvements and making alterations.

I do not let my work upon them interfere with my regular job. Rather, it reinforces the job. My castles are an incentive to efficiency: they give added reason and purpose to the business of being alive.

I trust that before I am ready to stop I may have considerably more money than I now have.

But I trust also that I may never have too much money. I should not, for instance, like to have as much as Mr. Rockefeller.

Indeed, I feel an almost snobbish sense of superiority when I think of Mr. Rockefeller and Cecil Rhodes and Crœsus and all the others of that ilk.

For I have everything that they have —

a roof over my head, and three meals a day, and work that I like, and the love of good friends.

And I have something else that they do not have and can not know.

I have *wants*.

XXIX

TOO MANY MEN STILL BELIEVE IN PERPETUAL MOTION

SOME day, go into the Patent Office in Washington and look at the applications that have been made for patents on perpetual-motion machines.

You will see some very ingenious devices.

For instance, a machine to be run by the power of gravity — iron balls dropping down a chute and turning a wheel.

The inventor of that machine provided for everything. He even added a brake to stop the machine, in case it should run so fast as to become unmanageable.

He forgot only one thing — that it requires just as much energy to lift the balls up *against* gravity as they develop by falling down.

In England, between 1617 and 1903, more than six hundred separate applications for patents were made on perpetual-motion machines.

Every single year brings its inevitable crop of new applications.

They stand — this unending procession — as a magnificent monument to the unchangeableness of human nature.

A testimony to man's unquenchable belief that somehow, somewhere, it is possible in this world to get something for nothing.

It is a mistake to gather all these perpetual-motion machines together in Washington, D. C.

One of them should be set up at the busiest corner of every American city. And twelve should be distributed along Wall Street, New York.

Every man who goes downtown to business in the morning should pass a perpetual-motion machine and be reminded of its lesson.

There is one great law that runs through all life. Many men have discov-

ered it: Emerson named it *the Law of Compensation.*

Everywhere that law is operative. In physics, action and reaction are equal. In electricity, if the north end of a magnet attracts, the south end repels.

If, as Emerson points out, a government is bad, the governor's life becomes unsafe. If taxes are too high, they yield no revenue; if laws are too severe, juries will not convict; if they are too lenient, private vengeance steps in and metes out justice.

Compensation — everywhere.

When I started in business I used to be somewhat worried by the good fortune of the wicked. I saw men who worked one half as hard as I and were paid twice as much money.

I saw other men lift themselves into the good graces of the boss on the golden wings of golf and funny stories.

But I have seen the Law of Compensation get in too much deadly work ever to concern myself any more about anybody else's success.

I have seen good fellows who thought they were perfectly secure because they called the boss by his first name, be fired by the same boss, who called them by their first name when he did it.

And I have seen men grow very rich — and I know that there are many ways in which the Law of Compensation can work when a man has the ambition to become *very rich.*

It can make him pay in health. It can turn his home into a counting-room. It can make his children snobs and hypocrites. It can destroy his joy in simple things.

Another gentleman discovered the Law of Compensation even before Emerson. He stated it in this form:

Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

There are many seeming exceptions to this law; but the longer I live the more sure I am that if most of the exceptions were analyzed they would be found not to be exceptions at all.

There is no such thing as perpetual motion. No man ever for very long gets more than he deserves, without paying for it something equally as valuable as he gets.

"Nothing can work me damage except myself," said St. Bernard. "The harm that I sustain I carry about in me, and never am a real sufferer except by my own fault."

"And"— he might have added — "never a real gainer for very long, except by my own hard work."

XXX

YOUR OWN LITTLE BED IS YOUR BEST M. D.

ONE reason for many of the world's tribulations is simply lack of sleep. Men who ought to be firm-nerved and resolute are vacillating and irritable, ready to believe the worst about one another, quick to take offense.

Troubles that would be laughed away by rested men are bungled into bigness by sluggish brains.

The world is too much ruled by tired-eyed men.

Look at the newspaper pictures of Mr. Asquith if you would know why England did not make more progress in the first year of the war. His face looks as if he were 7,000 hours behind in his sleep.

Study any one of the flash-lights taken of our prominent men at public banquets.

It will help you to understand why our own government is not more efficient.

To avoid overeating and alcohol and the cigarette habit are matters of self-control [says Dr. Richard Cabot in the *American Magazine*]. To get the sleep one needs (which means all that one can possibly soak into one's system in twenty-four hours) often takes courage — the courage to refuse invitations, to invite ridicule, to seem odd or "puritanic." I believe that more minor illnesses are due to lack of sleep than to any other recognizable factor. A person catches cold, gets lumbago, is constipated or headache-ridden because his vitality is below par, his physical expenditure beyond his physical income. Sleep would set him square with the world; but to get sleep means sacrificing the evening's fun. This he won't do, and so he runs in debt, and is chronically edging toward a breakdown.

A few men seem to be able to operate indefinitely with very little sleep. Edison is one of these. Napoleon seemed to be.

But Napoleon in his later years showed plainly a loss of virility due to accumulated fatigue. He often dropped asleep in the midst of vital matters.

Gladstone, on the other hand, considered regular sleep of first importance, and sacrificed everything to it.

When Perseus, the last king of ancient Macedonia, was confined as a prisoner at Rome, his guards wished to put him out of the way without leaving any marks on his person or bringing down the displeasure of their superiors upon them.

They accomplished their purpose by making it impossible for the poor prisoner to get a single moment's sleep.

Napoleon sent 30,000 of his trained veterans to Haiti at one time to reduce the negro population, who were being led by the redoubtable Toussaint L'Ouverture. A few months later 5,000 of them — all that were left — withdrew, bedraggled and defeated.

What had happened to the other 25,000? Shot? Not many of them. Toussaint did not have ammunition enough to shoot very many.

No. He adopted the simpler and more effective plan of starving them to death for lack of sleep. Night after night,

when the French lay down to snatch a few moments' rest, he would threaten an attack. All night long a few of his men would continue the pretense — and all night long the French would toss in sleeplessness.

They had faced the best men of Europe and won: but they could not conquer the loss of sleep.

I have seen an abject coward lie down to sleep, and rise up a strong, courageous man. I have seen a liar go to bed, and awake ready to tell the truth and take the consequences. I have seen vigorous, determined executives step out of the same beds where faltering ineffectives lay down the night before.

"Those who are habituated to full and regular sleep are those who recover most readily from sickness," says Dr. Benjamin W. Richardson, and adds: "The observation of this truth led Menander to teach that sleep is the natural cure of all diseases."

Menander was right. We should have fewer doctor bills; fewer deaths of men

between forty and fifty; fewer quarrels — yes, even fewer wars — if the nerves of all men were kept toned and sweet by a generous measure of sleep.

In all the world of literature there is no finer line than this:

He giveth His beloved sleep.

XXXI

THERE IS A GREAT DEAL OF ENCOURAGEMENT IN HISTORY FOR MOST OF US

A MOTHER writes me a very discouraged letter. Her boy is good and hard-working, but he is very backward in school.

In fact, his teachers have about given him up in despair.

Both the boy's father and his mother stood well in their classes: they are fond of books and study. They can not understand what is the matter with their boy.

Fortunately, there are two very encouraging things that can be said in reply to a letter like this.

One of them I have just been reading in a Life of Kitchener by Harold Begbie:

> Nothing in Herbert Kitchener created passionate friendships or stirred the admiration of

smaller men among the cadets. He was remarkable for quickness in mathematics, but in everything else was accounted thick-headed — a slow coach, climbing the dull hill of duty, which has no dazzle of adventure on the crest.

He managed to scramble into Woolwich: he was not high on the lists; and no one thought anything about him. After leaving Woolwich he got his commission in the Royal Engineers; and still no one thought much about him.

The boy who was dull and thick-headed — whom nobody thought much about — grew up to become the idol of an empire.

Cardinal Wiseman, as a boy, was termed "dull and stupid."

Charles Darwin, who changed the whole channel of thought in the scientific world, was so lazy and do-less in boyhood that his father predicted he would be a disgrace to the family.

Heine, by his own confession, "idled away his school days and was horribly bored" by the instruction given him.

Wordsworth was so lazy up to the age of seventeen as to be "incapable of continued application to prescribed work."

Henry Ward Beecher barely succeeded in graduating from Amherst, having stood almost at the foot of his class; and James Russell Lowell was suspended by Harvard "on account of continued neglect of his college duties."

First of all, to this mother of a "backward" boy I would say: Have courage. He travels in good company. Hundreds of those of whom the world is most proud have been almost given up in despair by their parents in youth.

Only when the spark of their special interest was struck have they shown the stuff that was in them.

And the second thing that may be said to such a mother is even more encouraging.

Dullness is the rule in the world: brilliance is the exception.

Business and government and law and medicine and the church are ruled by mediocrities.

"I have talked with great men," said Lincoln, "and I do not see how they differ from others."

The truest bit of business philosophy ever penned is contained in the story of the tortoise and the hare.

Any one who watches business life carefully for any length of time is continually seeing brilliant, unstable men overtaken and surpassed by men with half their inherent ability, whose very mental slowness has inculcated in them a mastering persistency.

The mother of the boy who invariably leads his class has reason to be concerned: the mother of the dull boy might wish him more cleverly endowed, but she need not despair if only his slowness to learn fosters thoroughness.

"My master whipped me very hard," says Dr. Johnson. "Without that, sir, I would have done nothing."

Yet he who as a boy had to be whipped to learn, set himself in later life doggedly and unrelentingly to a task that raised him high above the brilliant men of his time in literary prominence, and made him a citizen of the ages.

XXXII

YOU SHOULD NOT WORRY

HARRIMAN died twenty years before his time. He was a tremendous worker, but work did not kill him.

What killed Harriman was thinking in bed.

Thinking in business hours is a constructive process. Thinking in bed is usually worry.

One reason why every man should read history is in order that he may know the folly of worry.

Read the History of Rome by Ferrero, especially those chapters following the assassination of Cæsar. See the pitiful worry of poor Cicero.

Should he follow the dictates of his conscience and throw in his lot with the friends of Cæsar, who had shown him so much kindness?

Or should he take what seemed to be the safer course, and join with Cæsar's assassins?

Day after day he tortured his soul with worry.

How pitifully unimportant all that worry seems to us, two thousand years afterward. How clearly we can see that if Cicero had simply followed his conscience he could have spared himself all that worry and probably saved both his life and his honor.

A greater man than Cicero lived through a far greater period of trial. And he did not worry.

That man was Abraham Lincoln.

He was depressed, yes; heartsick, yes. But worried? No!

When he was tempted to worry by some trial that seemed overwhelming, he would say to himself, "This too will pass."

By which he meant that a thousand such trials had visited men in centuries gone by, and had passed away. His trial was important enough to make him think.

But no trial could be important enough to make him worry.

A certain business man faced his board of directors recently. He had done his best — but he had lost them a large sum of money.

One of the directors said to him:

"You don't seem to be much worried."

He replied:

"You gentlemen don't pay me any money to worry about your business. You pay me to do my best according to my judgment and conscience. I have done that. To worry would not add one penny to your balance sheet."

Learn this lesson from history: In all the six thousand years of history, worry has accomplished nothing.

Your worry will accomplish no more.

XXXIII

THOUGHTS ON LYING ON MY BACK AND READING A SEED CATALOGUE

IT is snowing outside; the sky is leaden; no birds sing.

The winter wind howls.

And I have been lying on my back, reading a seed catalogue, and laughing to myself at poor old winter.

He is my hereditary enemy. The English have not watched the reports of Germany's condition more intently than I have marked the various stages of his.

They are hoping that Germany will give in before next autumn. I do not have to hope. I know positively that I have winter beaten. I have even marked down on my calendar the date in April when I shall celebrate my victory by my annual triumphal march.

When that date arrives, I pack my old

corduroy trousers in a suit-case, with the two shirts I bought from the United States Army store for sixty-five cents each, my old curved pipe and a can of the mixture that my wife lets me use outdoors but not inside the house, and set forth for my little farm in Massachusetts.

People wonder why I have a farm in the rockiest spot in the world, when I might have selected one of the fertile counties of Massachusetts or Connecticut or New York.

The trouble with these fertile farms is that they constantly tempt one to grow something useful. One feels conscience-stricken not to be trying to make the place pay.

I *know* that my place can not possibly pay. I know that nothing will grow on it but pine trees and flowers. I can plant all the vacant places to posies without one single twinge of conscience. I have a magnificent alibi for my inherent laziness. Why work, I say to myself, when it 's no use? Why try to fight against Nature? Why fly in the face of Providence?

> Yet a little sleep, a little slumber,
> A little folding of the hands to sleep.

Slumber and flowers — what more can one ask of a farm?

It is hard for me to understand people who have even one foot of land and who do not raise any flowers.

Just as a back yard full of rubbish always seems to me to suggest a rubbishy soul, and a barren back yard a more or less desolate character, so a back yard running over with flowers cries out that in this house dwell beauty and peace and content.

For myself, I have already planned out just where the pansies are to be this summer, and the hollyhocks, and the sweet-williams, and the nasturtiums, and the roses.

I get right out after breakfast, and by nine o'clock the sweat is pouring down every degree of my longitude. I rejoice. I say to my soul, "Surely, soul, every drop of this sweat that rolls out of your system lengthens your life." I feel my neck get-

ting sunburned, and I do not care. It is as if health were being poured into me from the great source of all health, as power is poured into a storage battery.

And Sundays, after church, I take a book and lie down in the midst of my flowers, and look at the marvel of their coloring, and wonder how it is that out of the little black seeds I planted could have come such yellows and reds and purples and greens.

And people go by and see me stretched there, and I hear them tell each other that I am a fellow from New York who is sort of crazy, and who must have married a rich wife, as he never does any work.

And then I turn over and listen to the much more satisfying conversation of the flowers, who bend their heads and whisper in my ear:

Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin: And yet I say unto you, That even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven,

shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith? . . . Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

XXXIV

ON TAKING MY OLD FISHING-POLE OUT OF WINTER STORAGE

I HAVE examined the high cost of living cloud inside and out, and I have been able to discover only this one single patch of silver lining:

Meat prices are so high that the fish which I shall catch this summer will have some chance of being treated by my family with respect.

No more shall I be met at the door with the cruel taunt: "If you expect to eat those little things, you will have to clean them yourself." Instead I shall be hailed as one who, in his slender way, is aiding the Allies, and fighting for liberty, by helping to feed the world.

Slinking in at the back gate with my string of fish is a humiliation that I shall never have to endure again. I shall march

home proudly, as the cave-man used to march, bearing the fruits of his prowess to his woman and cubs.

I am told by eminent doctors that since 1900 there has been a frightful increase in the percentage of deaths among middle-aged men from diseases of the heart and liver and kidneys.

In the same years I have noted a frightful increase in golf and other forms of violent outdoor exercise.

I see men of forty and even younger rushing off to the links for a game that used to be thought safe only for hardened survivors of ninety or more.

I watch them hurl themselves feverishly from hole to hole, returning exhausted to their club-houses or being driven home in limousines, supposing they have done themselves good.

And I shake my head sadly and fondle my fishing-pole.

No man ever died at forty-five from over-exertion at fishing. There is not a single recorded case of a man's heart being adversely affected by the sight of a

cork pulled under the surface of a pond.

If one loves life and would continue long in it, let him fish. Fishermen grow in wisdom as they grow in years.

As Izaak Walton hath it:

> I have found it to be a real truth, that the sitting by the river's side is not only the quietest and fittest place for contemplation, but will invite an angler to it; and this seems to be maintained by the learned Peter Du Moulin, who in his discourse of the fulfilling of the Prophecies, observes, that when God intended to reveal any future events or high notions to his prophets, he then carried them either to the deserts or the seashore, and having so separated them from amidst the press of people and business, and the cares of the world, he might settle their mind in a quiet repose, and there make them fit for revelation.

No great philosophy, as far as I know, has been born on either the bleachers or the links: but how many of the ideas that have made men truer and nobler have come out of long days on the bank, when there were no bites!

Fishing is human life epitomized.

There is the water, calm, inscrutable,

impenetrable,— the symbol of fate,— into which every man casts his line.

What lies at the bottom of it for him no man may see. The tiny minnow of misfortune which nibbles away his bait, may be followed the next moment by a monstrous catch of good luck, sweeping him almost off his feet.

What happened yesterday in this very spot is no augury of what may take place to-day. Always there is the hope that the next fling of the line will bring the reward: always the lure of the one more try.

And as one grows older in fishing, even as one grows older in living, there comes the same consoling truth — that one need not catch big fish in order to be happy: that the spirit of the fishing is more important than the size of the catch: that he who fishes *well* must fish with a calm and tranquil soul, drawing his reward from the joy of his fishing rather than from the weight of his fish.

To one who can tune his soul to it, there is consolation in fishing, and healing and peace.

After their Great Friend had gone, the disciples of Jesus were desolate. Where should they turn? What could they do?

And Simon Peter, seeking comfort, answered: "I go a-fishing."

Every true fisherman in the world knows exactly how he felt.

XXXV

IT 'S A GOOD OLD WORLD IF YOU KNOW HOW TO BREATHE

I ONCE had the misfortune to know a pessimist. There was some excuse for his pessimism. He was a narrow-chested chap threatened with tuberculosis.

He had given himself up for lost.

But one night somebody induced him to go to a singing school.

I saw him a year later. His chest was filled out; there was a sparkle in his eye; his laugh could be heard a city block away. He was a resurrected and transformed man.

What had happened to him? The simplest thing in the world.

He had simply learned how to breathe.

The average man or woman goes through life with one third of his or her lung capacity totally unused.

That is why, when you run, you get a "stitch in your side." The stitch is caused by the unfolding of some of the lung tissue that you ought to use but do not.

Even when you practise deep breathing exercises you probably do not fill your entire lung capacity. At least, so Dr. William Lee Howard says in his interesting book, "Breathe and Be Well."

You expand your chest: but the really important part of your breathing is done with your diaphragm — a big flat muscle that forms the floor of your chest.

And the abdominal muscles are the boys you need to train if you are to get the most out of your diaphragm.

Fill your lungs until you feel your stomach muscles pressing hard against your belt.

That means that your diaphragm has straightened down and is massaging the top of your stomach and intestines — helping along with the process of elimination.

When you breathe out, do it forcibly,

with the stomach muscles: like a horse snorting — but without the snort.

Your stomach and intestines will be forced up against the diaphragm again and given another massage.

Breathing in is important, but breathing out is much more important.

A majority of the ills to which modern man is victim originate in the intestines.

And the chief of them — auto-intoxication, constipation — would disappear if the stomach muscles got the exercise they ought to get through deep, forcible breathing.

Doctors have long known that massage of the abdomen actually increases the number of red corpuscles.

Formerly it was thought that the massage simply located and chased into circulation a lot of red corpuscles that were lying around in blind alleys.

That is part of the explanation: here is the other part.

There is secreted in the suprarenal glands, as Dr. Howard explains, a sub-

stance called epinephrin, a very powerful stimulant to the red corpuscles.

"*Massage of the abdomen drives the epinephrin into action, which forces the blood-cells to take up oxygen — if by proper breathing you are furnishing the oxygen.*"

Read sometime a book by a man like Thoreau, or John Burroughs, or Stewart Edward White — one of the great open-air writers.

Then, while the impression of its rich, bounding optimism is still strong upon you, pick up a book written by one of the Russian novelists, or by one of our modern long-haired writers who believe that *realism* necessarily means murder and drunkenness and prostitution.

What a difference! And what makes the difference?

The realist will tell you that it is because he thinks deeply, while the optimistic writer thinks superficially.

As a matter of fact, the difference is not in the brains of the two men, but in their livers.

It is not the depth of their thinking so much as the depth of their lungs.

The corpuscles of the one are red and fed with oxygen: the corpuscles of the other are pale and fed with cigarette smoke and germs.

" For what, after all, is Life? " asks an old Sanskrit quotation. And answers:

" Life is the interval between one breath and another — he who only half breathes only half lives."

XXXVI

WM. HOHENZOLLERN, LOCK BOX I,
BERLIN

DEAR WILHELM:

On the day I write this the President is about to ask Congress to vote that you and my folks are at war.

I see by the papers that some of your employees do not take this very seriously. So I think I ought to write you, and tell you exactly what it means.

It means — I say it without rancor, Wilhelm, and purely as a matter of giving you the customary notice — it means that your services as King will no longer be required.

So far as we are concerned, you might as well begin right now to clean out your desk. When our government writes to Berlin next time, the envelop may go to the same address, but it will bear a different name.

We have come to this conclusion solemnly, Wilhelm. No nation ever went into war with so little flag-waving and cheering.

We are not fighting for revenge, nor for territory, nor to win a "place in the sun." *We are going to war to win peace for the world — for this generation and all generations to come.*

We have made up our minds, very soberly, that permanent peace must rest on certain fixed foundations. That is the reason we can not make a permanent peace with you, Wilhelm.

For the first of these foundations is Truth.

I am not going to chide you with the "scrap of paper" incident: nor remind you of all the shifty, halting explanations you made when our boats were sunk. Zimmermann's last effort is enough to remember.

On the very day when he was telling us how friendly you are to us, he was promising to help Mexico take our

Southwest away and Japan our Pacific Coast.

Your people we are willing to trust, Wilhelm; but we have had enough of your employees. The new world peace must be written on a whole sheet of paper, not a scrap.

And the second foundation of the new world peace, Wilhelm, is Democracy.

Kings may have been all right for the little one-cylinder States of the Middle Ages. But there will never be a succession of men strong enough and wise enough to drive the big twin-six modern State.

You may point to your splendid ancestor, Frederick the Great; and I admit his ability. But who came after him, Wilhelm? Do you remember? *Frederick William the Fat!*

Charlemagne was pretty successful at kinging: but a few years after Charlemagne whom do we see? *Charles the Simple!*

Even granting that you have governed

your people more wisely than they could govern themselves — look at your oldest boy, Wilhelm. And, honestly, just between ourselves, has n't the king business pretty well run out?

As long as Russia was ruled by a Czar, I did not mind you so much. There seemed no real hope for universal peace, anyhow.

But the world is going democratic, Wilhelm: and universal peace seems, at last, to be within the range of possibility. *For if history teaches any lesson at all, it is this — that it is tremendously difficult to get democracies into war.*

When the smoke of war has cleared away, and you are farming quietly somewhere, Wilhelm, you will begin to see things more clearly.

You will begin to understand that what is to blame for the loss of your job is, after all, *nothing less than the Christian religion itself.*

Nineteen hundred years ago Jesus Christ went about telling men that they were children of God.

If that is true,— if all men are children of God,— then all men are the equals of their kings.

And now, after nineteen hundred years, Wilhelm, *all* men are about to find that great truth out.

XXXVII

GENERALLY SPEAKING, A JOB IS GOOD IN PROPORTION TO THE AMOUNT OF STUDY REQUIRED TO MASTER IT

YESTERDAY morning, when I rode up in the elevator, the starter was breaking in a new elevator-boy.

At noon, when I went out to lunch, the new boy was running the car alone. He had on a uniform, and was starting and stopping with the confidence of a veteran.

From apprentice to professional in a couple of hours.

Last week I saw a veteran motorman teaching his work to a youngster. On Tuesday and Wednesday the two were on the front platform together: on Thursday the new man was operating the car alone.

It is a sight I have seen very often: yet I never see it without a feeling of wonder.

What thoughts are in that young fellow's head as he receives his instructions from the gray-haired veteran?

How can he fail to look forward and see in the older man a picture of himself twenty years from now?

He is taking up a low paid job — a job with no future. Twenty years from now he will be just where he is to-day — only older, with a grasp on the job somewhat less secure. His experience will count for nothing, because it is experience that any other man can gain in a couple of days.

He may, from time to time, force an increase in his pay. But the increases will not be large. Why?

Because he learned the job in two days. And in any other two days the company can find plenty of men who will learn just as fast and take the job away from him.

Recently I met in a hotel restaurant a friend of mine who has just come back from England after taking special work in surgery under some of the greatest men in the world.

He is thirty-one years old: it is fourteen years since he entered college.

For ten of those fourteen years he has been in medical schools, in hospitals, and in foreign countries studying.

Fourteen long years of hard, uninterrupted study. Years made more difficult by the necessity for self-support: and filled sometimes with questionings, as he has seen his college class-mates moving forward to their places as well paid physicians, and he lingering still in school.

Yet with what result?

He has acquired a specialized training such as only a few other men in New York possess.

He will begin life with an income of several thousands; he will pay back his educational debts in a couple of years; in ten years his income will be tens of thousands.

Fourteen years of his life went into the mastery of his profession. But he need have no fear of losing what he has gained. *No other man can displace him, except at the cost of fourteen years of work.*

I would not say one word in deprecia-

tion of honest toil in humble places. The routine activities of life must be carried on: the world has need of elevator-men and motormen. And, according to the loyalty and courage with which these do their work, they are entitled to the world's gratitude and respect.

My quarrel is not with the elevator-boy who can not be anything but an elevator-boy: but with the boy who might fill a larger place in life if only he were not too lazy to try.

I would see every young man filled, if possible, with a divine discontent, which would make him unwilling to be less than his very best.

Every young man in the United States ought to read the autobiography of Benjamin Franklin.

See with what painful diligence he taught himself to write good English. Watch him, at fourteen, attacking again the arithmetic that he had three times failed to pass in school, and conquering it.

See Michelangelo, old and blind, still being wheeled into the great galleries, that

he might with his fingers trace the outlines of the statuary — true to his life's motto to the very end: *Ancora impara* —" Still learning."

" The gods sell anything to everybody at a fair price," said Emerson.

And when he said it he epitomized the philosophy of Business.

The job that the gods sell for two hours' training is worth just what it costs.

Only that job is worth much which has tied to it the price-tag of constant, unceasing study and work.

XXXVIII

THE TIMES THAT TRY MEN'S SOULS

MOST of us had our little spiritual worlds in apple-pie order in July, 1914.

We had figured out a comfortable philosophy for ourselves.

The world was a good place to live in: it was gradually growing better.

War was a thing of the past. With woman suffrage, widows' pensions, minimum wage laws, direct primaries, national prohibition, and all the rest, we were almost within sight of the millennium.

God in His Heaven, all right with the world.

And then, suddenly, out of the clouds there burst upon us the most terrible war in history, shattering our comfortable philosophies, rocking our faith.

We saw school-teachers, lawyers, bank-

ers, and clergymen marching forth in clean new uniforms — cultured, civilized human beings. A day or two of war, and presto! mud and blood spattered, they were tearing at one another like savages.

I remember once talking to an ex-missionary who had worked in Turkey.

He had come back to this country, resigned from the ministry, and entered business.

"I should like to go on believing," he said; "but how can I, when I have seen the helpless Armenians massacred in the streets for no crime except that of being Christians? How can I continue to believe in a God who allows His people to perish because they worship Him?"

B. Fay Mills, the great evangelist, traveled in his middle years through some of the towns where he had held meetings as a young man and gained thousands of converts.

His converts had back-slidden: there was almost nothing to show that the towns had ever been swept by a great religious revival.

Mills, saddened, exclaimed: "If the work was of God, why did not God preserve it?" And he lost his hold on faith.

Thousands of men have, in the quiet of their own hearts, gone through a searching process in the past two years.

Is all civilization, then, a sham? Is all our faith in a gradual progress toward better things a mere delusion? Is there no God? Or, if there be a God, is He One who does not care — who sits idly in His Heaven, watching the evil in the world blot out the good?

A hundred years ago the wars of Napoleon tried men's souls as the war with Germany is trying them to-day.

The finest young men of Europe bled to death, the wealth of civilization spilled in war to feed one man's crazed ambition.

Why were such things allowed to be?

In the search for the answer to that question, men lost their faith.

But one man, Baron Stein, did not lose faith. It was his influence on Prussia and Austria, and later on the unstable Czar,

that did as much as anything else to compass the downfall of Napoleon.

"His whole conduct at this period," says Andrew D. White, "and indeed throughout all the years of his official life, was due, not merely to his hatred of the oppressor of his country, but to a deep faith that Napoleon's career was *a challenge to the Almighty,* and that it therefore *could not continue.*"

Against that faith Napoleon fought in vain.

We have passed through trying days: we face days even more difficult.

It is no time to lose faith. It is a time to know, as Stein knew, that we fight to win, because there fight against us those whose whole career in this war has been "a challenge to the Almighty"—such a challenge as never has and never can finally prevail.

XXXIX

"THEREWITH TO BE CONTENT"

LAST night I ran across this paragraph in the newly published note-books of Samuel Butler:

> I imagine that life can give nothing much better or much worse than what I have myself experienced. I should say I have proved pretty well the extremes of mental pleasure and pain; and so I believe, each in his own way, *does almost every man.*

That, when you come to think about it, is wholly true. Some men have more of the luxuries of life than others: but those experiences which are richest in pleasure are the common heritage of us all.

Charles M. Schwab, at last reports, had more money than I — but just what can he buy with it?

Three meals a day, first of all. They will doubtless cost more to serve than my

three, but if Charlie enjoys them any more he is going some.

A roof over his head. It will be a wider and steeper roof than mine, and more rain will run off it; but the rain that runs off mine will be just as wet, and underneath I shall be just as dry.

A good night's sleep — if he 's lucky.

He can own more of the world's surface than I. But, try as he may, he can not breathe up any more of its air; he can not absorb any more of its sunshine; he can not bribe the ocean to give him any more invigorating bath; nor the evening stars to shine any brighter over his estate.

The world is full of pleasant sights and sounds and smells, and his ears and nose and eyes do not bring him any sensation a particle more sweet than mine bring to me.

The world is full of lovely women, and each of us can love and marry only one.

Compared with the blessings we have in common, the few paltry blessings which he has and I have not are insignificant.

I have tasted these rich men's blessings.

I have driven an automobile, and sat in the front row at the Winter Garden, and met Teddy Roosevelt, and worn silk hose, and had my finger-nails manicured. And none of these luxuries is one, two, three with a good night's sleep, or a swim at Coney, or corned beef and cabbage when one has worked all the morning in a garden and is really hungry.

The habit of contentment is formed, not from without, but from within; and it is a wonderfully satisfying habit to own.

There is no duty we so much underestimate [says Stevenson] as the duty of being happy. By being happy, we sow anonymous benefits upon the world which remain unknown even to ourselves; or, when they are disclosed, surprise nobody so much as the benefactor. A happy man or woman is a better thing to find than a five-pound note. He or she is a radiating focus of good will, and their entrance into a room is as though another candle had been lighted.

It is strange that contentment should not be more widespread, considering how very common and close at hand are the elements that go into it.

Work — first of all.

> Get work, get work — be sure 't is better far
> Than what you work to get.

Simple tastes — the power of finding great satisfaction in little things — is another ingredient.

> To watch the corn grow or the blossoms set [as Ruskin has it]; to draw hard breath over plowshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to pray: these are the things that make men happy.

I would not have any man slothful: there is a difference between the soul that does not worry and the soul that merely does not care. The man who stands still, or slides back, is entitled to no respect.

But he who is wise enjoys the various stages of his progress while he is passing through them. St. Paul, for instance, did a pretty good-sized job in the world, and left a shining record.

He was forever "pressing forward to his goal." Yet it was he also who wrote:

"For I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

XL

"THE BUSINESS . . . IS UNDRAMATIC"

I LIKE Mr. Roosevelt, but I am glad he is not to be allowed to raise an army.

He would unquestionably put glamour and picturesqueness and glory into the war. Glamour and picturesqueness and glory are just the qualities that I want to see taken away from war.

"The business in hand," said the President, in refusing the Roosevelt division, "is *undramatic*."

Never before has war had that word applied to it.

Always people have entered on war with bands playing, and red fire, and fervid speeches, and cries of "Remember the *Maine*," or "Fifty-four Forty or Fight," or "On to Canada," or "On to Paris."

They have been thrilled by the spectacle of heroes leaping to their nation's call.

This, so far as possible, is to be a war without heroics. Men will not leap to arms; they will be assigned to arms. Troops will be sent quietly away in the night. We shall see nothing of the fabled glory of war: only the somberness of war — the hard, drab, unpleasant necessity.

We shall fight efficiently, but it will be the fight of men who do a bitter duty with solemn hearts.

And, going into war in this spirit, we shall have struck a blow against war.

It is the reproach of historians [says John Richard Green] that they have often turned history into a mere record of butchery of men by their fellow men.

If that is true,— if the wars of the nations have been allowed to overshadow everything else in history,— it is because men have been taught to believe that war is glorious, and the achievements of peace prosaic.

To this war we are assigning men as if they were assigned to jury service or to mending the State highways. We are re-

ducing glamour to a minimum. It is a business undramatic.

I have read many of the books that have been written in extenuation of war.

I have read John Ruskin, who says:

> The common notion that peace and the virtues of civil life flourish together I have found to be wholly untenable. Peace and the vices of civil life only flourish together.

And again:

> All healthy men like fighting and like the sense of danger. All brave women like to hear of their fighting and of their facing danger.

And still again:

> No great art ever rose on earth but among a nation of soldiers.

We shall doubtless hear much talk of this kind in the months to come: I mean to oppose such talk at every opportunity.

I believe the present war was forced upon us; and that, being in it, it is our duty to push it, with every ounce of energy in us, to a speedy and successful end.

But that war itself is either beneficial or glorious I deny.

I agree with Seeley that "the Roman Empire perished for lack of men."

Marius and Cinna had slain the aristocrats: Sulla had slain the democrats. And when there were none left but cowards and slaves to breed sons for Rome, the barbarians overwhelmed and destroyed them.

I believe that one reason England has grown so great is because she has managed to avoid serious losses of men in most of the wars of the Continent. While Europe was bleeding, her people were busy attending to their business at home.

The Civil War yielded an abundant crop of heroes, and likewise spread its hateful shadow over our public life for a quarter of a century. No man could run for office unless he wore a uniform: there was no argument but the bloody shirt.

We want no such after-math to this war.

We shall do our greatest service to America and to civilization if we fight, so far as possible, without hate. If, while bending every energy to winning this war,

we keep alive in our hearts a horror of all wars.

If we do not allow ourselves to forget for a single instant that, through *the undramatic business of war,* we are fighting for the *glories* and the *blessings* of universal peace.

XLI

SOME MEN LOSE FIVE MINUTES EARLY IN LIFE AND NEVER FIND IT AFTERWARD

I LIKE to reach the station a few minutes early in the afternoon, and watch the commuters running for the trains.

I have been watching them now for almost two years, and I know a lot of them by sight.

There are the ladies and old men, infrequent visitors to the city, unused to business, who arrive long before train-time.

There are the regular business men, who arrive one minute ahead.

And — just as the gate is about to slam — there come piling across the station, breathless, coat-tails flying, the members of the Just a Little Late Club.

I used to sympathize with them at first, supposing them to be unfortunates who had missed a car or lost their watches.

But after almost two years of watching I know different.

The membership of the Just a Little Late Club does not change appreciably from day to day. Night after night it is the very same crowd of men who have to run the last few blocks for the train.

Membership in the Just a Little Late Club is not a misfortune: it is a habit. And one of the most exasperating habits in the world.

Napoleon said: "I beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes."

He beat the Austrians, but he did not exterminate them. Thousands of their descendants and relatives still wave — still with no appreciation of the value of time; still a nuisance in the business world.

There should be some way of marking them. They should be compelled to wear a button or a distinctive uniform of some sort, so that the man who makes an appointment with one of them might be protected against taking the appointment too seriously.

" Never be on time," said Mark Twain. " You waste too much time waiting for the other fellow."

He had in mind the enormous membership of the Just a Little Late Club.

I was lunching the other day in a hotel with a man who has much more money than I have. And a man passed us who has much more than both of us together.

He is a captain of other people's industry as well as of his own. He began work twenty years ago as an office-boy, and today heads one of the great manufacturing concerns of his city.

" A wonderful fellow," said my friend, pointing to him. " Last year I had a long series of negotiations with him about the formation of a new company. It was necessary for us to meet practically every day for nearly three months. In all that time he was never late but twice, and then only for a few minutes. And each time he sent word to me from his office telling me that he would be late."

J. P. Morgan figured that every hour of

his time was worth $1,000, and he had no patience with men who were late for appointments, or who, when they came to see him, did not give him his money's worth in exchange for the time they took.

"It is not necessary for me to live," said Pompey, "but it is necessary that I be at a certain point at a certain time."

And Lord Nelson said: "I owe all my success in life to having been a quarter of an hour before my time."

I hold up the record of these famous men, in the faint hope that it may do some good.

And yet, the hope is very faint. The habit of unpromptness is so very tenacious, so difficult to break.

If I am fortunate enough to be inside when the pearly gates are closed on the judgment-day, I shall know what to expect.

Five minutes later there will be a terrific battering on the gate. St. Peter may be surprised, but I shall not be.

When the gates swing open again, there

they will be — some of the most lovable and exasperating people who ever lived — the members of the Just a Little Late Club — panting, apologetic, explanatory to the last.

XLII

THE IMMORTALITY OF INFLUENCE

I HAVE been reading a wonderfully illuminating essay on Bismarck, by Andrew D. White.

And I thought to myself: "It is not an army that the Allies are fighting, but *an idea*. It is the Bismarckian conception of the right of kings, and the right of might in the world, which must be blotted out before this war is won."

Bismarck believed in the divine right of kings, when even kings themselves had almost ceased to believe in it.

King William of Prussia had actually signed his abdication, and was preparing to flee his throne, because a majority of Parliament was against him.

Bismarck made him ashamed of his weakness. What right had Parliament to interfere with the government? he de-

manded. What right had the people to question their King? Rule *in spite* of Parliament: *defy* its majority: send its members home.

So the King stuck to the throne: and Bismarck, governing *in spite* of Parliament, made him Emperor of Germany.

It was he who transformed the German people from a discordant, factious mass into a compact unit, aggressively demanding their place in the sun.

It was he who picked the quarrel with Austria, not for any principle, but because the boundaries of Germany *must* be rounded out.

When the yearned-for war with France seemed about to dissolve into peace, it was he who altered the reading of a telegram, and so goaded the French to a declaration.

It was he who first used the German fleet to bully weaker peoples; he who rattled the sword whenever German interests were, even in the least degree, encroached upon.

Curious mixture that he was of medieval ideals and modern efficiency. Deeply re-

ligious, and unsparingly brutal. Acknowledging God, and trampling on the rights of his brothers. Believing the Almighty on his side, and scrupling at nothing. Gentle and considerate in his family life, boorish in his public manners; a scholar in his library, a glutton at his table.

It has taken the blood of millions to wash out of the world the continuing influence of Bismarck.

I know a certain college fraternity whose senior delegation ten years ago had a strong man in it who ought to have been its leader. Instead of which, he drank, and left the fraternity leaderless.

As a result, a weak group of freshmen was chosen that year.

Three years later, when those freshmen were about to become seniors, they, in turn, chose a weak group of freshmen.

For ten years weak delegations followed one another in that fraternity, *the influence of one bad man perpetuating itself long after he himself had passed.*

A hundred and fifty years ago there lived a man called Martin Kalikak.

He was a soldier in the Revolutionary army. He married a feeble-minded woman, and they had a feeble-minded daughter. Of their 480 descendants, 143 were feeble-minded; 36 were illegitimate; 24 were confirmed alcoholics; 3 were epileptics; 82 died in infancy; 3 were criminal.

For more than a hundred and fifty years the evil that Martin Kalikak did has — in increasing volume — lived after him.

I know of no more solemn thought than this — that no man's influence in the world really ends with his life; that the most inconsequential acts may reach down, from generation to generation, through the ages.

Of course there is the brighter side. If the evil that men do lives after them, so does the good.

If sins live forever, so also do righteous acts; if unkindness perpetuates itself, smiles, and pleasant words, and the deed done in mercy, but soon forgotten, likewise are immortal.

Jefferson's idea that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," Lincoln's idea of an equal

chance for every man, still live in the world, side by side with Bismarck's idea.

The good living with the evil —
And slowly, little by little, *outliving it.*

XLIII

SOME DAY YOUR EMPLOYER WILL WANT TO KNOW WHY YOU DO NOT PLAY MORE

WHENEVER one is hard up for a subject, he can always write discouragingly about the Fall of Rome.

He can point out with what awful speed America is hastening to the same destruction.

Rome fell because its citizens became too soft and craven to defend it.

America has been full of those who cried out that we should be committing a crime against civilization if we were prepared to defend ourselves.

Rome fell because thrift was swallowed up in luxury.

Of all the nations of the earth, America is the least thrifty.

Rome fell because its citizens ceased work and devoted themselves to play.

Rome spent millions on her sports: we spend hundreds of millions.

See how perfectly the shoe fits?

But there are several important distinctions to be made.

One is this:

The Romans did not play: *they watched other men play.*

America is still a nation where everybody works. It is rapidly becoming a nation where everybody also plays.

And that is a sign of virility: it is wholesome.

Fifty years ago a man felt like apologizing to his boss if he played: the time is coming when he will have to explain why it is he does not play.

Employers want men who can bring to their work more than mere dogged loyalty.

They want enthusiasm; a fresh point of view; a mind that leaps and sparkles.

Play does more than build sturdy bodies — more than cleanse tired minds.

It builds character; self-control.

The school and the office, as Dr. Luther Gulick has pointed out, are not democ-

racies: they are monarchies. You may not like the rules, but you must abide by them nevertheless. You may want to quit, but you can't.

But play is different.

You enter it of your own volition: you may withdraw when you will. If you abide by the rules, it is because *you control yourself,* not because a master controls you.

If you want to quit in a huff, there is no one to prevent it. If you pout under defeat, or become arrogant with victory, you are answerable to yourself alone.

In business you are controlled: *in play you must be self-controlled.*

"The Battle of Waterloo was won *first* on the English cricket fields."

Many a man on Monday morning, when business would not go as it should, has held himself steady and won out because on Saturday afternoon, when a little ball would not do what it should, he lost neither his temper nor his nerve.

It is possible to overdo play, of course. Herbert Spencer was very proud of his

game of billiards. One evening he invited a strange young man to play.

The young man beat him three games straight. At the end of the third game Herbert Spencer put up his cue and said: "Young man, to play a good game of billiards is the accomplishment of a gentleman: to play *too* good a game of billiards is the sign of a misspent youth."

But most of us are in no danger of overdoing play.

We are much more likely to go pounding along, saying to ourselves: "To-morrow, when I have accumulated my pile, I will retire from business and play."

And some day they will carve over us: "He was going to retire — *to-morrow.*"

Don't wait for to-morrow. Retire from business this afternoon at four o'clock.

By to-morrow morning at nine you 'll be back at your desk, keen as a fighting cock.

XLIV

A LETTER TO A YOUNG MAN WHO WANTS A BETTER JOB

YOU ask me how you can get a better job.

My answer is that *you can't.*

All over the country are millions of young men who, in a vague sort of way, want *a* better job: and here and there among them are the worth-while few who want *the* better job.

And the millions wonder why the few move on, while they stand stationary year after year.

You must, first of all, pick out *the* better job — some particular job that is better than yours. Then train your guns on that and capture it.

You tell me that you are a bookkeeper and that you earn $15 a week.

I know certified public accountants who earn $10,000 a year and more.

If I were a bookkeeper earning $15 a week, I should go out for a public accountant's job. I might die on the road, but whoever found my body would notice that my face was toward the summit.

Second: You can never make anybody pay you more money until you have more to sell.

I can advertise in a newspaper to-morrow morning and have a hundred bright young men here at eight o'clock. Each one will have just as much to offer me as you have: the same two years of high school; the same experience in keeping books; the same good record. Every one of them will be willing to work for $15, and some of them for $12.

The only way you can lift yourself out of that $15 class is by giving yourself an equipment that the rest of the fellows in that class do not have. In other words, by study — by education — by specialized training.

Third: When you have picked out the

one particular better job that you want, when you have fitted yourself for it, then be careful of your letter of application.

If Judge Gary or Charles M. Schwab applied for a job by letter to-morrow, they would get it in almost any big business in this country, even if their applications were written in lead pencil on a sheet of butcher paper.

Their personalities and abilities are known. Yours are not. Your letter is your representative. For heaven's sake, if you have in you any spark of originality that other men have not, make your letter a tiny bit different from the other letters that the other men will write.

Go downtown and pick out a shade of paper and a size of envelop that will be different. Make your letter stick out among the hundred letters that your prospective employer will receive, so that it will be the first letter he opens. When he does open it, be sure he finds it typewritten, even if you have to spend money you can ill afford to spend.

Fourth: I receive many letters of ap-

plication. In one form or another, they usually say something like this: "I want a better job: I am thinking of getting married"; or, "I have a mother to support"; or, "I have been three years in this place without a raise and see no future."

All of which interests me not at all.

For when it comes to spending my employer's money I am fundamentally selfish.

Much as I should like to give jobs to all the young men who have mothers to support, or who see no future where they are, I can not do it.

The only letter that I read with interest is the letter of the young man who has studied my business and who points out to me how I can make more money for my employer by employing him.

One of the biggest business men I know said to me: "I have private secretaries to relieve me of many details; but one detail I never delegate:

"I make it a rule to see all applicants for positions."

Why did he have that rule?

Because his business, and every business

in America, is built on youth, enthusiasm, and ideas. And any applicant may bring him an idea that would be worth thousands of dollars.

Ideas are the keys that unlock big men's doors.

When you have fitted yourself for the better job, let your letter of application contain an Idea.

XLV

IF YOU WERE TO WRITE YOUR OWN EPITAPH, WHAT COULD YOU HONESTLY SAY?

IN Ashland, Ohio, a monument was erected a little while ago bearing this inscription:

In Memory of
Ashland County's Pioneers
Including Johnny Appleseed
JOHN CHAPMAN
An Ohio Hero, Patron Saint
Of American Orchards
and
Soldier of Peace.

Who was John Chapman?

A simple man like you and me. Born in New England, he roamed to Ohio. He held no public office; he accumulated no fortune.

But everywhere he went he carried a pocketful of apple-seeds. He dropped

them into the rich Ohio soil, along the roadways. At his home he reared one apple orchard after another, giving the young trees freely to settlers.

And to-day, in a hundred widely scattered sections of Ohio, the roads are shaded with fruit trees and the children eat of the fruit — because Johnny Appleseed once passed that way.

Have you ever heard the legend of how the Mosque of St. Sophia got its name?

The Emperor Justinian built it. It was to be his monument, to bear his name forever.

Every bit of the work was paid for by him; every operation he supervised. He would not divide the credit for it with any other living soul, though there were many others who would gladly have contributed. It was to be his, and his alone.

At length, in the incredibly short period of five years and ten months, it was finished. All was ready for the unveiling of the tablet that was to bear the Emperor's name as builder to the end of time.

The crowds gathered. The Emperor

stepped forward and tore away the veil — then drew back again, aghast.

For on the tablet where he had ordered his name inscribed was found the name Sophia.

Who was this Sophia?

The Emperor ordered the city searched. Let them discover the culprit whose name had displaced his.

The second day they brought to him a poor, cringing washerwoman, who lived in a hovel near the wharves. Trembling and tearful, she confessed.

She knew the decree that no one should contribute anything to the building of the temple but Justinian alone. Nevertheless she had wanted to have a little share in the rearing of the building to her God.

Having nothing to give, she had torn the straw from her mattress, and held it out to the weary horses as they passed, drawing their heavy loads of stone to the hilltop.

And the angels, witnessing her gift, had erased the name of Justinian and carved the name " Sophia " instead.

I like to think of Johnny Appleseed and St. Sophia. I like to believe that there never lived a man or a woman so humble but that he or she could contribute something permanent to the world, if they would.

What could be written over you if you were dead to-morrow?

Could it be said:

Here lies a man who established a clean grocery store and left it as his monument.

Or:

Here lies a woman who gave three sons to the world, all God-fearing, all with a little better start than she had.

Or would it be written:

Here lies John Jones, who held a succession of jobs, all of which he hated, and who died from heart failure while hurrying away from his work.

Will there be some one good thing left in the world when you are gone — a creation of your love?

What will it be?

XLVI

IF YOU WANT TO KNOW HOW MUCH YOU OUGHT TO GET, FIND OUT HOW MUCH YOU HAVE TO GIVE

A GREAT word has been added to the vocabulary of Business in recent years.

It is being overworked, as all new words are. We shall doubtless become very tired of it, as we have become tired of "psychology" and "efficiency" and "merchandising" and other overworked words.

But the idea that the word represents has come to stay.

The word itself is SERVICE.

I was in the office of the general manager of a great corporation recently. The business he manages has departments in almost every large city. It is a business

that has unquestionably been of enormous benefit to the people of America, and has — incidentally — made millions for its founder.

The general manager read me a letter from the "Old Man." I obtained permission to copy four paragraphs.

Here they are. What do you think of them as the confession of faith of a millionaire?

I can honestly say now that I have never worked at the business for profit as the main motive.

My profits have been incidental, though absolutely necessary.

I have always conducted my business solely for the purpose of what I considered "public service."

Had I conducted my business for the purpose of making profit, I might have made as much money as I have made, although I doubt it. I am sure that I would not have made any more. *I am pretty sure that I would not have made a quarter as much.*

I know a man who has grown rich by building and operating great hotels.

I slept in one of his hotels the other night, and in the morning I dropped into my pocket a copy of his book of instructions to his employees. Here are some quotations from that book:

A hotel has just one thing to sell.

That one thing is Service.

The Hotel that sells Poor Service is a Poor Hotel.

The Hotel that sells Good Service is a Good Hotel.

It is the object of this Hotel to sell its guests the *very best service in the world.*

The Service of a Hotel is not a thing supplied by any single individual. It is not Special Attention to any one guest.

Hotel Service means the limit of Courteous, Efficient Attention from Each Particular Employee to Each Particular Guest.

This is the kind of service the Guest pays for when he pays his bill — whether it is for $2 or $20 a day. It is the kind of Service he is entitled to, and he *need not* and *should not* pay *any more.*

It is interesting to note how, in the course of time, the *practical men* of the

world finally come around to the point of view of the *world's dreamers.*

Napoleon, the *practical man,* refused to see the *dreamer* Fulton, with his absurd claim that he could make a boat run against tide and wind.

But to-day *all* practical men pay tacit tribute to that dreamer.

For two thousand years practical men have looked with a superior sort of tolerance on the teachings of a certain Carpenter of Nazareth. What He said was very good, of course, but *utterly impractical.*

Yet the service idea, which is the big new idea in modern business, was first discovered and announced by that Carpenter:

> Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant.

It is the one solid, practical rule for building a business or a business career.

If you want to know how far you will go in business, take account of stock: find

out how much service you are equipped to perform.

If you want to figure what you are likely to get, first figure what you have to give.

XLVII

DOES YOUR RESPECT FOR FOLKS GROW GREATER OR LESS AS YOU GO ALONG?

I HAVE made no change in the following letter except to erase the writer's name. Read it all the way through:

It is not an easy thing to put into writing an experience that lies as close to one's heart as this one does to mine. But if its fortunate outcome will bring cheer to some other similarly situated, I shall be glad that I wrote to you about it.

Two winters ago my doctor broke the news to me that I was tubercular. One lung and both kidneys were affected. I had to give up my position at once and put myself absolutely under the doctor's care.

I was engaged to be married at the time. My doctor told me that marriage was out of the question. I decided to disregard his advice on this point, feeling that I could never give up the man I loved. My fiancé felt the same way. He

wanted more than ever to be my helpmate, and urged me not to obey the doctor in this one matter.

We consoled ourselves — a bitter consolation — with the thought that perhaps we would never have any children. Even if we had, they would not necessarily inherit tuberculosis.

Then, as I lay thinking, there came to me this thought: Suppose that I should have a baby after all, and that some day that child should be told, "You have tuberculosis." Not for anything in the world would I want a child of mine to go through that first terrible agony of despair that I had gone through.

The next day I told my fiancé my decision. Oh, it was hard, Mr. Barton. We separated. We have not seen each other since. I dare not trust the strength of my will too far.

Of course I thought of death, the speedier the better. I contemplated every method of suicide, from sitting on the third rail to breakfasting on bichloride. But with returning spring there came the renewed desire for life.

I followed the doctor's instructions to the letter — milk and eggs, fresh air and sunshine, and absolute rest. By the end of the year my lung was entirely cured. The kidneys were better, but they could probably never be entirely well.

Through the efforts of a friend I obtained a half-time position in a hospital, which leaves my afternoons free for the rest that I still must take. So for the present I am self-supporting, obtain free medical treatment, and am slowly but surely regaining health.

Best of all, I am cheerful; I am happy in my work, which is largely among children. And I am full of plans for the future.

Some day, if God is willing, I am going to have a bungalow in the country — a bungalow that has a flower garden in front of it and a vegetable garden in back. And then I am going to adopt a baby. Not a hundred per cent. better baby, but a little tubercular girl, Mr. Barton, and give her a fair chance in life, even as has been given me.

The heartache is still there, of course. I suppose it always will be. But if I had to go through it all again, I am not sure that I would not choose the same way.

What feelings are stirred up in you as you read that letter?

Merely a momentary irritation that a stranger should waste your time in telling you her troubles?

Or does it start you to thinking how much of patience and fidelity and quiet heroism is hidden away under every commonplace life?

There is a verse in the Bible that reads: "What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?"

Some people read that verse to mean: "What can you see in a poor creature like man, that should make you pay any attention to him?"

And others read: "What a *wonderful thing* is man, that even God Himself likes to visit and talk to him."

Which interpretation is *yours?*

As you grow older, do you find yourself becoming less patient with your fellow men and women, more critical of their faults, more cynical about their goodness, more inclined to see them as only a higher form of animal, living a meaningless life, dying a cowardly death?

Or do you marvel more and more at the patience with which they bear their burdens, the unfaltering faith that makes

them continue to hope for the best, even after a life-time of disappointments; the unshaken fidelity that fixes their eyes on a heaven out of which has issued so little pleasure mingled with so much of suffering?

I have sometimes thought that one measure of success is a man's increasing power to find cause for reverence in the lives of his fellow men.

Judged by that standard, have you passed the peak of your success, or are you climbing toward it year by year?

XLVIII

OF COURSE THERE IS A SANTA CLAUS

Dear Sir: Do you really think there is a Santa Claus? My mother says there is. A girl in the seventh grade told me there is n't any Santa Claus. Do you really think there is any Santa Claus?

MARION THAYER (age seven).

DO I think there is a Santa Claus? Why, Marion, I *know* it.

I have had four times as many Christmases as you, and every single Christmas Santa Claus has remembered me. Do you think I would be ungrateful to him now by pretending to believe any stories that any girl in the seventh grade might tell?

Of course I have never seen Santa Claus. I don't want to see him. It would take all the fun away from Christmas if I ever did.

But just because I never saw him — what does that signify?

I never saw electricity. But I can turn a button and the light goes on, and I know electricity is there, even if I don't see it.

I know that girl in the seventh grade, or at least I know her kind. And I don't like her, Marion. I advise you to keep away from her.

She will meet you some day, when you are engaged to be married. And you will tell her that your boy is the most wonderful boy in the world, and that you know you are going to be happy forever and ever.

And she will pull a long face and answer: "Don't be too sure. You 'll feel different after you have been married a few years."

But you *won't* feel different, Marion. It 's only folks that don't believe in Santa Claus that feel different. You and I — we 'll just go on feeling the same happy way as long as we live.

And some time you 'll meet that girl

who has lost her faith in Santa Claus, and you 'll find that a terrible thing has happened to her. She has lost her faith in women and in men.

It seems impossible, does n't it?

You and I know that women are pure and clean and sweet, just like your mother — all except witches, of course, and bad fairies.

And men are strong and handsome and noble, like your father — all except pirates and robbers that live on desert islands.

We love women and men, you and I, because we know how good they are, and how kind, in spite of the troubles they have.

But some of the girls who don't believe in Santa Claus grow up and don't believe in men and women, either.

And sometimes — sometimes those girls grow up and don't even believe in angels and in God.

I don't see how they dare to go to bed in the dark.

Your mother is right, Marion, and don't you ever doubt it. And I 'm right.

And that girl in the seventh grade is wrong.

The best things in your whole life — love, and faith, and friendship, and trust, and God — are things you never see.

But they 're the only things worth believing in. Life does n't mean very much when they begin to disappear.

You and I won't let them begin to disappear. Not one of them. Not even good old Santa Claus.

I hang up my stocking every year, Marion. All sensible people do. It 's only the foolish ones, who say " seeing 's believing," that don't.

And they 're awfully foolish, Marion. I would n't give anything for the things I can see in life compared with the things that I never can see.

XLIX

"I DREAD THE END OF THE YEAR"

"I DREAD to come to the end of the year," said a friend to me recently; "it makes me realize I am growing old."

That suggests a question: When is a man old?

In Shakespeare's time a man was old at forty, and often, because of the gay life, invalided long before that.

Sir Walter Scott at fifty-five bemoaned the fact that he was an old man.

Montaigne retired to his castle at thirty-eight to spend his declining years in peace and study.

Dr. Samuel Johnson once remarked that at thirty-five a man had reached his peak, and after that his course must be downward.

Physiologists tell us that in all mammals except man the period of life is five

times the period of growth. A dog gets its full growth in two years, and lives ten; a horse in five years, and lives twenty-five. On this basis a man should live from one hundred to one hundred and fifty years.

Why were these three men — Scott, Montaigne, and Johnson — old while still comparatively young?

The answer is, because they felt old and acted old.

William James, the great psychologist, said that most men are "old fogies at twenty-five."

He was right. Most men at twenty-five are satisfied with their jobs. They have accumulated the little stock of prejudices that they call their "principles," and closed their minds to all new ideas: they have ceased to grow.

The minute a man ceases to grow,— no matter what his years,— that minute he begins to be old.

On the other hand, the really great man never grows old.

Bismarck, who died at eighty-three, did

his greatest work after he was seventy.

Titian, the celebrated painter, lived to be ninety-nine, painting right up to the end.

Goethe passed out at eighty-three, and finished his "Faust" only a few years earlier; Gladstone took up a new language when he was seventy; Commodore Vanderbilt increased the mileage of his lines from 120 to more than 10,000 between his seventieth birthday and his death at eighty-three.

Laplace, the astronomer, was still at work when death caught up with him at seventy-eight. He died crying, "What we know is nothing: what we do not know is immense."

And there you have the real answer to the question, When is a man old?

Laplace at seventy-eight died young. He was still unsatisfied, still growing, still sure that he had a lot to learn.

As long as a man can keep himself in that attitude of mind, as long as he can look back on every year and say, "I grew," he is still young.

The minute he ceases to grow, the day he says to himself, " I know all that I need to know "— that day youth stops. He may be twenty-five or seventy-five, it makes no difference. On that day he begins to be old.

L

"IF A MAN DIE, SHALL HE LIVE AGAIN?"

IT is the age-old question, asked at the side of every bier — asked by all the Christian world at Easter-time.

And what can one say in answer to it?

Every one of us is taught in childhood to believe in God and an after life.

I remember, when I was beginning to read and think a little, it occurred to me that, though I had been told there is a future life, nobody had ever given me any proof.

So industriously I set to work in the public library to read the works of the greatest men who ever lived and find proofs for myself.

And I remember how, slowly at first, then faster and faster, I turned through one wise man's book after another.

"Surely this one will know," I said to myself; "or this one; or this."

And suddenly the bitter truth flashed over me. They did not know, any more than I did. All their proofs were not proofs at all. In all history there had never lived a man wise enough to prove immortality. Almost everybody believed: nobody really knew.

It was a discovery that left me helpless at first: then slowly out of my helplessness I began to evolve a little system of my own.

In the first place, it seems to me *easier* to believe than to disbelieve.

"The world just happened," say some men. "It created itself through the operation of natural laws."

And that sounds very scientific and satisfactory.

But who or what established the natural laws and set them to operating?

When you can dump a load of bricks on a corner lot, and let me watch them arrange themselves into a house — when you can empty a handful of springs and

wheels and screws on my desk, and let me see them gather themselves together into a watch — it will be easier for me to believe that all these thousands of worlds could have been created, balanced, and set to moving in their separate orbits, all without any directing intelligence at all.

Moreover, if there is no intelligence in the universe, then the universe has created something greater than itself — for it has created you and me.

Is it easy to believe that a universe without personality could have created us who have personality?

Is n't it *easier* to believe that our personality is a little part of the great pervading Personality that has created and now permeates the universe?

And if there be a Personality in the universe — a God — what kind of a God is He?

He must be at least as good as you or I. He could not have made us better than Himself. The worse can not create the better.

And if He is a good God, is it reason-

able to suppose that He would have planted in human hearts this unquenchable yearning for immortality, and left that yearning unsatisfied?

You and I would not have done so.

Go where you will, from the most savage race to the most cultured, you find that same instinctive assurance that death is not the end. Would a good God plant that assurance in his creatures merely to mock them?

Without immortality the world is an answerless riddle. We are born; we struggle up through slow years of development; and just as we have reached our highest point of usefulness — we are cut off.

What inefficiency! What waste!

It is *hard* for me to believe in a universe that made itself, and that ruthlessly casts away its most precious possession — human personality.

It is *easier* to believe that back of the universe is a guiding Intelligence, of whose personality my own is a tiny spark that shall not go out while He lives.

If I can not prove that this is so, neither can any one prove to me that it is not so.

And, until some one can disprove it, I find it *easier,* more helpful, more efficient, to believe.

THE END

RETURN TO the circulation desk of any
University of California Library
or to the
NORTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
Bldg. 400, Richmond Field Station
University of California
Richmond, CA 94804-4698

ALL BOOKS MAY BE RECALLED AFTER 7 DAYS
2-month loans may be renewed by calling
(415) 642-6233
1-year loans may be recharged by bringing books
to NRLF
Renewals and recharges may be made 4 days
prior to due date

DUE AS STAMPED BELOW

JUL 28 1989

FEB 16 1994

YE 22550

M549801

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES
C004069266